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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We recall a village story of a Sunday-school teacher who was putting some questions to a Wessex yokel, and asked—"What should you do, my lad, if a man strikes you on one cheek?" The reply was, "Give 'e a jolly good smack on t'other". Now that beyond question is the spirit of the modern sermon on the Welsh mount. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who stands for Wales and Welsh sermons if anyone on earth does, has quite lately declared it to be his creed. "When people hit at me", he announced in effect in one of his speeches, "I am going to hit back"; and, if we remember rightly, a round of cheers greeted this statement. Holding views like this, is it likely that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will now come forward and announce that he intends to help his enemies the British farmers and the land interest by making a large grant from the Treasury? The land does not like Mr. Lloyd George. It has consistently voted against him since 1906. It will continue to vote against him. Hence we do not believe that Mr. Lloyd George is in the least likely to come forward with an offer of noble help from the Treasury for those who have lost their crops through the rain and floods.

He may—it is just possible that the Government through his permission will—give some small help to the sufferers. But anything like full aid is not at all probable. The Liberal party is rich in interested haters of the larger owners, and—if in a less degree—of the larger tenants of farming land throughout the country; and it will argue that to make a full and handsome grant from the Treasury would be to prop up classes whose downfall it is ever striving and intriguing for. Hence the most the Government will

do will be a grant on a small and insufficient scale, just for the sake of appearances.

We hope that the attention of the farm and village workers all over the land will be drawn to this certain lack of full practical sympathy by the Liberals and the Government. Labourers will lose work and wages through the ruin of many of the farmers, large and small, in corn-growing districts: they ought to be constantly reminded that the Liberals and the Government will do nothing to stay that ruin by a really substantial grant from the Treasury. Moreover, how are the farmers and how are the farm workers to pay their extra pence under the Insurance Act now that the crops of the season have been in great part spoilt? But it may be answered by a Radical cynic that many of the men will not need to pay the pence, for they will be out of employment.

Mr. Outhwaite is the unofficial wild man of the Liberal party. He answers in a way to Mr. Ure, but unlike Mr. Ure he is believed to be in the habit of letting out a good deal of the truth at elections. If one has the reputation of blurting out what is not true about his opponents, the other has the reputation of blurting out what is largely true about his friends—there perhaps is a typical difference between the official style and the unofficial style of advanced thinkers in party politics. Mr. Outhwaite has been stumping Midlothian in the interests of the Single Tax—and, strange to say, in the interests of Mr. Shaw, who at once blesses Mr. Outhwaite and damns the Single Tax!

Mr. Outhwaite announced that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had offered to resign from the Cabinet that he might run his new land crusade as a private and unfettered member. Characteristically, the Prime Minister assured the Chancellor it was unnecessary, "as the Cabinet would be with him". If the whole story is untrue, it has at least an extremely good appearance of truth. And in any case Mr. Outhwaite deserves praise for it, for if he has not discovered the truth he has imagined it in quite a brilliant fashion. Everyone who has known Mr. Lloyd George personally, and heard him in the not distant past talk about

politics and politicians, knows that he is a great admirer of Mr. Chamberlain. He would flatter Mr. Chamberlain by imitation, and how could he imitate more closely than by getting up unauthorised programmes and offering to resign that he might carry them through?

But if Mr. Outhwaite has been drawing merely on his imagination—which we do not quite believe—he has surely imagined Mr. Asquith even better than he has imagined Mr. Lloyd George. Is not the reply which Mr. Outhwaite says the Prime Minister made to Mr. Lloyd George absolutely what one would expect? It was said that when Mr. Chamberlain offered his resignation from the last Unionist Government, Mr. Balfour employed subtle tactics—tactics by which not only Mr. Chamberlain but several other members of the Cabinet departed because they had not got the bearings of the position quite right. But political tactics have enormously advanced since then. We incline to think that Mr. Balfour would have to begin his schooling all over again if he wished to qualify in the very advanced and exact science in which Mr. Asquith has made himself perfect—the science by which anybody in the Cabinet, inner or outer, can hold his own views and press them in the constituencies, though they are not the views of various other bodies in the Cabinet, including, very likely, the Prime Minister himself.

It is as hard perhaps for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Labour as for the camel to go through the needle's eye. We think that some of the rich Radicals must have felt uneasy when they read Mr. Will Thorne's address the other day. Of course it was not very strong or alarming intellectually. It was, as these addresses by the Boanerges and Gargantua of public life necessarily are, somewhat frugal of thought. You can rarely have it both ways—a great shouter or a great spouter is not often a thinker; and Mr. Thorne is not a deep and curious student of politics and life. Still, he knows enough perhaps, and says enough, to make a rich man who affects to be whole-heartedly a man for "the People" quite uncomfortable.

How difficult it is for orthodox Liberalism to know how to take Mr. Thorne and his friends was well illustrated by a critic in the "Westminster Gazette" this week. Mr. Thorne fell foul of Toryism, it is true, and went through the now familiar business of putting Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson to gaol with his mouth; and that, to a Liberal, was all in his favour. Still there were things in his speech that could not quite be praised. As a result we find Mr. Thorne's speech in one short paragraph referred to as "moderate", as "revolutionary", and as containing "common sense". The "Westminster Gazette" is an intellectual journal of great distinction. We look to it for reasoned views. But we think that like its party it is in difficulties when it speaks of a speech by a Labour leader as being moderate and revolutionary and common sensible.

In the past year Syndicalism has had a good innings, but it has not made a good score. This year has seen the miners' strike, the railway strike, and the London Dock strike. Only the miners' strike had a positive success, and this was through Government interference. The London Dock strike showed an absolute breakdown of the sympathetic strike. Mr. Thorne in his address rather favoured it; but a resolution disagreeing with its policy was carried by a large majority. Syndicalism was decidedly snubbed; and the prevalent tone of trade unionism may now be described as socialistic tempered with individualism.

Individualism shows in the general attitude of Mr. Osborne against the right of unions to levy contributions for parliamentary and municipal purposes. But the Congress has declared that the Government's Compromise Bill does not give the unions sufficient powers. They demand the unrestricted right of trade unions to use their funds independently of strictly industrial

objects and the objections of minorities. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald described the Osborne judgment as bleeding labour politics to death. It might be supposed that compulsory arbitration was a socialistic step. So it is; but the Congress distrust the present State official, and voted it down. Strange to say, the resolution rejected was Mr. Ben Tillett's. One of the most satisfactory features of the Congress is that it has declared that the policy of secular education shall be eliminated and no more discussed at the Congress. The mover in this matter was the Miners' Federation.

Sir Edward Grey has made a pronouncement to the Newcastle Chamber of Commerce, from which we may really assume that the Foreign Office means to stick to its guns. By exempting American shipping from dues foreign ships will be unduly taxed. To this there can be no real answer except that the United States feel that they can safely defy foreign opinion. F. C. G. has a cartoon suggesting that Mr. Bryce's diplomatic tact will settle it all. But we feel no certainty that Mr. Bryce will be a match for Mr. Taft's electioneering gifts. Our Ambassador's popularity in the States is due to his persistent encouragement of their insane national vanity.

The Vermont election bodes ill for the Republican prospects. In the voting for Governor, Mr. Taft's supporter polled 26,100, the Democrat 20,100, and the Roosevelt candidate 15,550. This is the first time in history that the Republicans have failed to carry the State ticket in a Presidential year. The Democrats have not only held their own, but gained heavily, and Mr. Roosevelt has failed to secure any Democratic votes. Vermont is always a good indicator, and what this means is that while Mr. Roosevelt will prevent Mr. Taft from winning he will not secure his own election but that of Mr. Woodrow Wilson.

In the "Times" of Tuesday there appeared a sensational communication from "a correspondent" in India that Pan-Islamism was becoming a grave danger in that country owing to the sympathy of native Mohammedans with Turkey and Persia. In the same issue an excellent "leader" neutralised this, but for one who reads the "leader" nine will see the "scare" correspondence. The Ameer is held out as a probable chief in the "Jehad" which is to burst upon us. We presume that nothing but grievous lack of important news would have induced the "Times" to open its columns to this kind of scare stuff.

No doubt the Indian Mohammedan may have a sentimental sympathy with the Turks. As for the Persians, they are heretics, and he is little likely to be seriously disturbed about their fate. As for the Senoussi their proceedings are of no import to the ordinary Mussulman in India, if he ever heard of them. A "Jehad" has been threatened ever since we can remember anything, but the Ameer is less likely than ever he was to head such a crusade. Formerly he could play off England against Russia; since the Agreement he cannot even do that, and he is well aware that any hostile movement on his part would meet with condign punishment, and no outsider would come to his help. It is a pity the "Times" lends itself to this kind of "news", even though it laughs at it in another column.

We now know a little more than we did as to Count Berchtold's proposals. They have been directly communicated to all the Powers, but it seems obviously certain that they will never meet with the approval of Turkey. So far as they are clear they amount to a demand that the Porte should consent to the same amount of "decentralisation" in the other provinces as it has professed its readiness to do in Albania. In Macedonia this is almost an impossibility to start with, as religion and nationality are there hopelessly entangled. Furthermore, no Turkish Ministry dare take this first step towards what would undoubtedly mean "autonomy" or would imply this in the opinion of

every Ottoman. Behind it all lies the fact that the real motive of Austria's action remains unrevealed—though much is suspected.

Judging from the lighter columns of newspapers, Mulai Hafid is a more important international figure now that he is taking a holiday in Paris than ever he was as a centre of European political intrigue. Really there is nothing in the least extraordinary about Mulai Hafid's holiday diversions. He is behaving as every barbarian behaves when the pleasures of a modern city are spread before him. His career in Paris has drawn from a "Times" correspondent an obvious reflexion that is but seldom allowed to disturb the self-esteem of our century. A barbarian in Athens in the time of Socrates would speedily have left the city in disgust. The pleasures of Athens were the pleasures of a civilised and cultured people. A barbarian in modern Paris or London is completely at home. A barbarian can get just as much pleasure out of a gramophone or a picture-house as a modern Cockney, whereas neither the barbarian nor the Cockney has any use for a frieze from the Parthenon.

The newspapers have been greatly attracted by Sir James Crichton-Browne's remark on "love at first sight" in his Sanitary Association Address. It is more like a paradox than a eugenic principle. The eugenist's point is that men and women are not to be left to their natural likings, but must marry according to the directions of a board of experts. In a general eugenic way mariages de convenience are already condemned; and the heroine of melodrama and the novel has always won sympathy for refusal to marry the wealthy old suitor and for marrying his poor but vigorous rival. Love at first sight is an extreme form of putting the case, meaning that the affections can be trusted. But it is evidently not true physiologically; and it is very disputable for that side of marriage where prudent considerations largely tend to happiness. If Sir James Crichton-Browne means that the rule of love at first sight is safer than giving cranks the right to pair people according to their purblind understanding of obscure principles he is right.

Professor Schäfer's British Association Address states the dispute between the purely physical biologists and the vitalists in uncompromising terms. He rejects every form of vitalism, ancient or modern, which would refer manifestations of life, human or animal, to any forces that cannot be classed under physico-chemical laws. The subject is a technical one which laymen are not competent to discuss either by way of assent or dissent. Several distinguished biologists have lately considered the subject with a vitalistic bias, and Professor Schäfer's address is a controversial protest from the opposite point of view. One time a great outcry would have been raised about its materialism; and probably it would have been branded as irreligious or atheistic. Now the comment of most educated men will be that in these days physical monism is too familiar for surprise; and that a good scientist is not necessarily a good metaphysician.

The most popularly interesting point arising from the Professor's theory of the life cell as a purely chemical compound is whether in that case we may come upon some renovating method which will keep the body from decay and death. This, of course, is not unfamiliar. Professor Metschnikoff has already treated death as mostly due to physiological accidents and not to natural and real old age. Professor Schäfer agrees as a theoretical possibility that the life cells may be from time to time renovated until real old age comes, when it will be as free from terror to die as to sleep. Even the belief in a future happy life, he adds, often does not remove this terror; but he does not state whether he adopts Metschnikoff's opinion that, given the euthanasia of natural old age, the belief in another life would be a superfluous consolation.

It is clear from a painful study of Mr. Buxton's new rules for life-saving that next time a big liner is

rammed by an iceberg, and the night is calm, and the ship keeps tolerably level for a couple of hours, and all the lifeboats are successfully launched, and fully manned, and sent off with as many passengers as they can hold, and picked up by another big liner in the morning—then everybody will escape. For in foreign-going steamers there will henceforth be boats and biscuits for all, and efficient crews to handle them.

Other points are not so clear. But it seems that owners of home trade passenger ships will be able to obtain a special certificate authorising them to drown 20 per cent. of their passengers if the ship sinks. Also, since it is less painful to be drowned in broad daylight and in comparatively smooth water, excursion steamers need not carry lifeboats for more than 70 per cent. of their passengers.

More important than Mr. Buxton's elaborate provisions about lifeboats, which in the normal circumstances of mishap at sea would very probably be useless, is the insistence that it is a misdemeanour to ignore signals of distress. Moreover, a Bill is promised dealing with wireless telegraphy at sea, and to give the Board of Trade fuller powers of inspection. Wireless telegraphy and reporting the ice-flow are clearly matters for an international meeting. But when will this meeting take place? Has the Government yet moved in the matter?

"Shall we compete at Berlin?" as headline in a popular newspaper suggests that the public is already hesitating as to the seemliness of meeting the American and his methods. Englishmen have taken stock of the position, and, in Iago's phrase, "it works". All are now agreed that we should either spend money and organise, or that we should withdraw. This is a plain choice. Those who care for the amateur tradition of British sport will choose quickly and easily.

The old heads at Oxford and Cambridge are quickly passing away. Not distinguished as a scholar, the late Master of Jesus was a sound and genial man who got hold of his pupils, got the Cam cleared out, and made them row on it. What, however, will be most missed in Cambridge is his stories. There he was unequalled alike in length of knowledge and exposition. An admirable mimic, he even added the actual voices of the speakers.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor had two great obstacles to break through before he had a chance of winning a place amongst the musicians. The colour prejudice is not very strong in this country. But even amongst men capable of reasoning there is a deep-seated conviction that not very much can be expected of the African strain. This Taylor had to fight against. The greater menace was that of his friends and a premature success. Had his "Hiawatha" scenes drawn not more than half the applause they did he would have thought harder, have planned his later compositions more deliberately, with a less reckless confidence in the complaisance of the public. On the whole he did wonderfully well. Someone should have told him not to compete in oratorio with Elgar, not, in fact, to touch any subject which did not set his imagination afame. But he had no wise advisers, and stumbled on, doing fairly good work in spite of racial prejudice and in spite of his friends. Unlike Learmount Drysdale, much his superior in native talent, he enjoyed a few years of exceeding popularity; and both men have left a few things to keep their memory green a little while.

The Royal College of Music has turned out a number of brilliant pupils. Not one has followed up his first success by a second. Mr. Hamish MacCunn is a notable instance. While still a mere boy he wrote three concert overtures and "Lord Ullin's Daughter", all not only fine but promising music. The biggest things were expected of him; and he composed "Jeanie Deans", "Diarmid" and a good deal more rubbish. Coleridge-Taylor came later and had better opportunities; but he made the same failure as MacCunn had

made. Nothing save an orchestral ballade attracted any attention.

The Welsh believe they are a musical people. A Welsh gentleman writing in the daily *Press* the other day deplored the falling off, in music, of his people, and remarked that "time was when Welsh choirs carried all before them". When and where? Never in England, where Welsh choirs have always been laughed at for singing villainously out of tune. In Wales, after the various choral competitions, some of the choirs carried, if not all, a good many other choirs before them: that used to happen in the invariable shindy after the competition was over and the free fight between successful and unsuccessful choirs took place. In these rows it was not honour and glory that were disputed about, but sheer profit. Choir A was angry because choir B had won not honour but pounds, shillings and pence. This business of turning art into a trade Olympic game, with pugilistic accessories, never appeared artistic to the musicians of Europe. Wales has never had a musician of distinction—not a fine composer, singer or instrument player; and the mere fact that the Welsh think highly of themselves as musicians is no reason why we should see, or hear, them as other than what they are—as unmusical a set of vociferators and ranters as can be found.

Sir Charles Holroyd's initiative in securing the surprisingly sensitive portrait of "Martha Horton of Sowerby" for the National Gallery and his placing it in the Hogarth Room, next door to Holbein's "Duchess of Milan", may not be rightly appreciated off-hand. The picture is by an unknown, in these days of fashionable, sounding names, and then the unknown was an English artist of the mid-seventeenth century. To buy a picture by an *Inconnu* exclusively on its merits was remarkable; to buy an unknown English painter's work for the English National Gallery is sensational. How fully justified is the purchase is seen from the ease with which the picture holds its own.

The Mayor of Sydney has successfully objected to a statue of Shakespeare, dealing a mortal thrust at the orator who loves a peroration with Shakespeare as the eternal bond between England and "the English-speaking peoples beyond the sea". For the Mayor of Sydney does not object—as well he might—on the ground that the statue would necessarily be a more or less authentic libel upon the poet's features and presence; but boldly on behalf of his countrymen rejects the monument as unsuitable. Sydney loves light literature, and Shakespeare is "ponderous". The Mayor of Sydney has been complimented by those whose sneaking sentiment is in sympathy with this polite estimate of a distinguished Englishman. The Mayor, they say, is a brave man, and free from intellectual pride. But wherein is the Mayor of Sydney either brave or modest? As the spokesman of a beef-witted majority he is certain and swift to be praised. As to his modesty, it is of the familiar inverted kind—the assertiveness of a person that flaunts his robust insensibility to art and letters with all the ineffable pretentiousness of the "plain" man.

"All diversions that are very entertaining", runs a maxim of La Rochefoucauld, "are of dangerous consequence to Christianity; but of all that the world hath found out, none should be more cautiously used than plays." We do not accept the maxim; but it may safely be recommended to the meeting shortly to be held to protest against the opening of West End theatres on Sunday. This week we have heard members of the playing profession argue for an open theatre seven days a week. Happily there is a strong opposition to this proposal among the players as well as among the people. It is an extremely mischievous proposal from a social point of view to deprive thousands of work-people of a weekly holiday. Of course the Sunday picture shows are freely used as an argument for Sunday plays. But these are only allowed on special conditions, and the labour is infinitely less in proportion to the numbers that are entertained.

A THEORY OF LIFE.

THE comparative calmness with which the President's Address on the origin and nature of life was received by the scientific public is a striking testimony to the growth of science, and still more to the mutual accommodation of science and philosophy in the forty-five years since the British Association last met at Dundee. Professor Schäfer believes, and gives very cogent arguments to support his belief, that the phenomena of life are in process of being resolved into chemical and physical laws, that there is no fundamental barrier between organic and inorganic, that not only has life arisen from non-living matter in the distant past, but that it may be arising in the same way to-day. Five-and-forty years ago, when men's minds were still reeling with the new wine of Darwinism, the President would have been riotously acclaimed on the one hand, and savagely denounced on the other, as an atheist, materialist, and destroyer of religion. The shrill protagonists of science would have been confident that the walls of the secure citadel and inmost stronghold of faith were crumbling at their assault, and the garrison itself, whilst shouting defiance, would have felt the pangs of despair. To-day two sets of people on the outskirts of science will be angry, the agents of the Yellow Press who had scented an assertion of the creation of rhubarb or of rabbits, will have to invent their cables to the United States, there will be a little amiable controversy amongst microscopists, and the church bells will ring as before.

Professor Schäfer's thesis is kept within the strict confines of science. He takes the various qualities or properties of life, or at least of living substance, and shows in turn that no one of these is peculiar, that each has its correlate and parallel in matter which is not alive. The odd and characteristic streaming movements and movements of translation of protoplasm are precisely similar in character to movements which are the result of purely chemical and physical reactions causing changes in surface tension. They are not specifically "vital". The taking in of food, its selection, assimilation and dissimilation have an exact analogy in the building up of crystals, and in the exchanges between solutions separated by a semi-permeable film. Growth and even reproduction are no longer to be regarded as qualities peculiar to life. The chemical elements which compose living matter are common and widespread, and year by year chemists are getting closer to a synthetic production of the compounds, such as the proteins, which are most characteristic of protoplasm, and already a very large number of the simpler organic substances have been built up in the laboratory.

Those who follow biological science closely may make a criticism here and there of the President's statement of the case. They may think that he has attached too much weight to Leduc's work, or that Loeb's experiments on artificial fertilisation do not quite bear the interpretation put on them. But the general trend of the advance of knowledge in these matters is plain; we are very close on an actual bridging of the gap between the organic and the inorganic, and the ground has been surveyed so clearly that no unexpected obstacle is likely to be encountered. Living matter, says the President confidently, has arisen from inorganic matter in the past, without the interposition of any unknown factors; it may be manufactured at any time in the laboratory, and even probably is coming into existence, more probably in the soil than in sea-water, at the present time.

Here the Professor comes into conflict with two sets of persons who claim to use scientific reasoning and methods. He is urgent in stating that such new beginnings of life must be simpler and more elementary than any of the actual organisms known and named by zoologists and botanists. He will have nothing to do with the surviving exponents of spontaneous generation, who claim to produce amoebae or moulds in test-tubes. Professor Schäfer's laboratory experience is too great for that: if the test-tubes were produced to him, he would infer that they had not been properly

sterilised, by heat or closing, and the alleged spontaneous generations were simple defects in bacteriological precaution. Nor will he have anything to do with those who would evade or postpone the problem of the origin of life by supposing that the germs of life have been carried to this planet on meteorites hurled through the recesses of starry space. It would take one hundred and fifty years for a meteorite to travel from the nearest planet to this earth, and sixty million years for the voyage from the nearest star. At the end of the long journey, moreover, the intense heat generated by friction with our atmosphere would destroy any kind of life we know. The living cosmic dust theory is the purest whim of imagination, with no figment of evidence to support it.

We can receive these views, however, without disturbance or alarm. A world in which a biologist, working in a laboratory, could at any moment create afresh the existing forms of animals and plants, or a world in which such creatures continued to arise spontaneously from the natal dust, would be even more inhospitable to scientific thought than to religious faith. It would be a world set free from reason, the nightmare of a pantomime, in which neither foresight nor knowledge would have any practical value. But such is not the world described in the Presidential Address. Even if all Professor Schäfer's predictions come true, and his theories be transformed to observations, we shall be very much where we are. There will remain the wonder of the evolution of the simplest, ultra-microscopic forms of life into the brilliant, scented flowers and the restless, intelligent animals. If reason and intelligence, emotional and moral senses grade back into instinct, and if instinct grades back into simple vital reflexes, and if these simple reactions in their turn grade into purely chemical and physical laws, if in fact there be one mystery of the world instead of a separate mystery of life and of matter, there is still equal room for every solution that faith can bring to the aid of reason. The fierce battles of five-and-forty years ago did little more than to disarm both attackers and defenders, and the arguments they used, and the positions for which they fought have now no more than an historical interest.

THE RAIN AND THE FARMER.

THE farmer's grumblings about the weather are generally listened to with pretended sympathy and dismissed afterwards with a smile as part of his stock in trade, but this year we are disposed to think he may have a real grievance, because we have been uncommonly put out ourselves in our August holiday-making. It is, however, so difficult to convey to the non-technical reader how serious the disaster is becoming that a few cold facts may be excused.

It is as yet almost impossible to estimate the farmers' losses in East Anglia; the floods have barely subsided, and communications are still so difficult that a complete survey of the affected area cannot be made. We have, however, to remember that the very districts which have been most swept by the flood waters are the chief corn-growing area of England; there is very little permanent grass, and the rotation on which quite four-fifths of the land is farmed provides for corn three years out of five, and about half of the corn is wheat. Potatoes, again, will be taken one year in six, and even one year in three on some of the land. Now the corn is damaged past any possibility of use as human food, for the miller nowadays, with all the world's wheat supply to draw upon, will never buy blackened and sprouted English wheat, though in the old days, before American and Indian grain were at his service, he had often to convert similar grain into bread. Here and there a farmer had harvested some wheat before the deluge, but were it not that this year's wheat has already been offered for sale in Eastern County markets, we should have doubted whether there had been sufficient intermissions in the August rains to permit even the most energetic farmer getting a crop home. What will be

the effect on the potato crop in the Fens and in South Lincoln, the largest potato area in Great Britain, can hardly be doubtful. Disease had made its appearance before the floods began, so the tubers can at the best be only fit for cattle food whenever the land becomes dry enough to permit them to be lifted.

But if the disaster is absolute in the Fens it is little less all over the country. Recent journeys as far as Cornwall in one direction and Inverness in the other have shown the corn crops housed only in one or two districts—in South Dorset and Hampshire, in the fine corn-growing country about Chichester, in East Kent, and in parts of Essex. Elsewhere it is still standing in shocks or remains uncut. In Cornwall harvest usually begins the first week in August, and though all the hay was not yet carted, men began to cut their corn at the usual time in the hope that fine weather would set in. Since that date there has hardly been twenty-four hours without rain, and cold as it has been both wheat and oats have begun to grow out in the ear. In the southwest this will not cause as much loss as elsewhere, because very little of the corn is sold, wheat, oats and barley alike being consumed on the farm by the stock which form the mainstay of the farmers' business in those parts. But over the rest of the country men want to sell wheat and barley. Even if they feed their oats, the miller certainly won't want the wheat, and one of the best judges has assured us that as far as the brewer is concerned, all the barley south of the Humber may be left out of consideration. In the later districts further north things are a little better; the corn is at least still uncut, and indeed not everywhere ripe, so that should the fine September, of which there is as yet not the least promise, arrive, the northern farmer may yet get their crop home in no worse than its usual condition. On the Yorkshire wolds and in Northumberland all corn crops are in fair condition, in the Lothians they are heavy though much laid and knocked about by the gales; in Fife and Strathmore crops are heavy and in good condition, much better than they are in that usually excellent corn-growing country round the Moray Firth. In fact this year the usual conditions are reversed; the rain has been at its heaviest further south and in the districts possessing normally a low summer rainfall; while the early lands, except the very earliest, have suffered the most. At the best, wherever the corn can be harvested we may calculate that wheat will have been reduced in value from a selling price of 35s. to 25s. a quarter, a loss of £2 an acre; barley to a greater degree—quite £3 an acre; oats perhaps only 20s. an acre. Grass and turnips are good, though neither turnips nor mangolds have grown appreciably since August began. All round the loss on the arable land will be at least 20s. an acre, or not less than the average rent of the land throughout the chief arable districts of England. Furthermore, our calculations of the wheat and barley being worth for feeding purposes somewhere about 25s. a quarter depend on the assumption that the farmer can utilise them himself, yet in this direction he is confronted by a very special difficulty—the markets are practically closed to the purchase of store cattle. The East of England depends upon Ireland for the cattle which are to convert its turnips into something saleable and its straw into dung. Usually, as soon as harvest is over Norwich Market is filled to overflowing with the shorthorns that have been growing for two years or more on the Irish pastures, and the Norfolk farmer takes home anything from forty to four hundred to tie up for the winter. These are the animals which should this winter be fed upon the damaged barley and wheat as supplements to the turnips, instead of imported linseed and cotton cake; yet owing to the outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease there is very little prospect that Irish cattle will be obtainable. There is only a month or so now within which the trade ought to be done; the last outbreak is so recent that the country cannot be declared clean for some time, even if there were not reasons to believe that the disease has obtained a foothold in many other districts, though it will only be detected when the cattle come to market or have to be examined for exportation.

Without Irish beasts the English and Scottish arable farmers have but little chance of filling their yards for the winter, for we doubt if home-grown stores can supply one-tenth of the demand. Devon and Cornwall send their stock east for fattening, but usually for summer grazing; the Herefords and the black Welsh runts are in the same category: in neither case is there much available for sale at the end of the summer, and however exacting the demand a crop of beasts ready for fattening cannot be conjured up out of due season. Even the extreme course of opening the country to the import of Canadian store cattle—that vexed question of farming politics—would be of little service, for the Canadians have not been preparing for a market that has not been open for many years now. With this further prospect of being unable to feed out the grain which the weather has rendered unfit for sale the outlook for the English arable farmer is blacker than ever, and we cannot see in what direction he can move to escape heavy loss. We can only hope that the better prices of the last few years may have left him a little reserve on which to fall back, and that in many cases he has still behind him the English landlord to ease the situation for him. It is not going to be a good season for the militant land reformers: the farmer who has had to buy his farm, because his landlord no longer cared to accept both public revilings and a low return on his capital, has cursed them bitterly enough already, but will be more vocal now that he has to face a year of loss unaided; while the County Council small-holder—well, the satisfaction of saying “I told you so” is hushed as we think of the misery of so many who entered gaily into their promised El Dorados but two or three years ago.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

THE Trades Union delegates appear to have met at Newport in rather a piano frame of mind. Indeed, for those who believed that the industrial trouble of the last year was, through the medium of the general strike, to lead straight to the industrial millennium the turn of events must have proved rather depressing. The result was the Congress has devoted most of its time to mutual disagreement and recrimination among the various leaders. That things have gone wrong was generally agreed; but as to whether this was due to the Tories or the Government, the Syndicalists or the Parliamentary Labour party on this point *quot homines tot sententiae*. Mr. Thorne, who acted as Chairman, had little that is new to say. Private ownership was dreadfully wrong and led direct to economic slavery. But the most significant thing in the address is the fact that the Chairman found it necessary to warn the delegates not to have anything to do with compulsory arbitration. A year ago such a warning would have been utterly uncalled for. But a great deal has happened in the last twelve months, and the debate on Mr. Ben Tillett's resolution produced a considerable show of sentiment favourable to a new departure in this direction. On the reversal of the Osborne judgment, which again was the very Ark of the Covenant to Labour year in and year out since 1907, opinion seems veering round. The mover of this “hardy annual” resolution admitted that the topic inspired no great enthusiasm, while Mr. Havelock Wilson called it most disrespectfully “a dead donkey”. The explanation is probably a simple one. There was a very natural panic at the time of the judgment among the working classes lest it should prove a death-blow to labour representation in Parliament. Nothing of the kind, however, happened, and the agitation subsided, because there was nothing real left to agitate about. Mr. Wilson observed with refined cruelty that he seemed to observe a good many gentlemen present who had “slipped into Parliament” somehow despite the judgment, and the only answer made was that the judgment damaged the “*amour propre*” of trades unionists. Well, if it does not damage anything more serious than that there will not be a heated demand for

reversal among the rank and file. Nor again does the unfortunate Trades Union Bill (No. 2) which is at present on the Ministerial shelf meet the demands of the Labour party, while there is no earthly prospect of that party's own measure receiving either time or votes from Ministers. The question of the compulsory levy is likely then to remain in abeyance for the political present. But these discussions, and the final success of pertinacious Mr. Sexton in getting the academic and old-fashioned resolution about secular education abandoned, are all of the nature of skirmishes on the fringe of the real battle, and even congresses must on occasion occupy themselves with vital realities.

What is the heart of the labour problem to-day? It is the relation of wages to living expenses and to profits. Since 1850 real wages have increased by 75 per cent., but that increase really represents a steady rise up to the late 'nineties. Real wages stand to-day exactly where they stood in 1897, and though there have been fluctuating increases since there has been a tendency to a slight decline in the last ten years in exchange for the steady increase which marked the second half of the nineteenth century. To analyse these figures a little further, what has happened is this: Money wages have not remained static but the increases in the cost of commodities has eaten up or more than eaten up what slight increases there have been in the face value of the wage. As this situation forced itself gradually on the attention of the workers it produced a feeling of unrest and discontent which culminated in the troubles of the year. With these economic facts the Labour leaders as politicians have had to deal, and so far with no success in their dealings. The oldest trades unionism had turned itself into the present Parliamentary party before these grievances began to be felt in an acute or expressed in an articulate manner. But when the shoe pinched the trades unionists turned to the strong and highly disciplined band of members whom they had sent to the House in 1906. What they found there was a body of men utterly immersed in playing a new and fascinating game of coalition deals, by which you kept the Liberal party in power in return for little scraps of legislation or legislative concession and an occasional odd job for a Labour man. Except for the Trades Disputes Act no Labour legislation of any importance had been passed, and very few practical suggestions on working class matters had come from the Parliamentary party. The result was a revulsion of feeling, which, like all reactions, went further than the facts justified, against the whole Parliamentary method. What was the use, the working classes asked, of paying your own members of Parliament if they could not help you on a vital matter when they got there? It was out of this mental soil that the plant of Syndicalism sprang up with such amazing rapidity. But there was another contributing cause. The Ramsay Macdonalds of the party had become so occupied with the seductive attractions of *la haute politique* that they had neglected to keep in touch with their constituents. Minor leaders had seized the occasion to usurp the power of the absent grandes. Being gifted with more imagination than foresight or knowledge of fact, they said in effect: “Your member cannot help you and politics are no good; we offer you the real weapon of the general strike, and by that weapon we will obtain the full control of the industry itself”. How are the weapons of war perished!

If Parliamentary action had proved a frost, Syndicalist action proved more like a cyclone. The coal strike struck at the foundations of trades unionism and swept away in six weeks the accumulations of years in every trade in the country. After a terrible struggle the strongest monopoly in the country only got what the English owners were probably ready to grant from the start, and the principle, not of the minimum wage, but of the application of Trades Boards to a non-sweated industry. In Wales, where the struggle was not so much for wages as for the capture of the industry for the miners, the owners emerged triumphant. Of the dock strike nothing need be said

except that the criminal levity of its authors simply rubbed in the lesson of the coal war, and left them without a shred of reputation or moral authority. The Congress has met disunited and under the shadow of a great disaster. The first result is clear: the Syndicalists have been thrown over. A harmless-looking amendment about closer organisation in each different trade which covered the scheme of the general and sympathetic strike was beaten by two to one, though the Chairman saved the minority's face by cutting out the explicit condemnation of Syndicalism which the victorious amendment contained. Is Labour going back to its abandoned Parliamentary gods, or on what new course will it embark? Nothing has been more remarkable in recent by-elections than the small Labour poll which over and over again has alone saved the Liberal from defeat. Clearly it will need drastic action to recall the wandering sheep to the fold. Already there has been talk of putting up five hundred Labour or Socialist candidates at the next election to prove that the resources of the Parliamentary method have not been exhausted. But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's difficulty is this. Nothing but a complete break with Ministers will convince his voters in the country that he means business. But the withdrawal of Labour support on the Committee stages of Home Rule means the instant collapse of the Ministry, and for this a large number of Labour members are not prepared. If Labour could make a show of independence without precipitating a dissolution it would have time to run a big campaign of rehabilitation in the country. But there's the rub: the Government is too shaky to permit these liberties to be taken. As things are shaping it looks as if the solution of our labour problems will fall into other hands than those of the politicians now disputing at Newport.

THE NAVAL POSITION.

FOR some years we have been insisting that the decisive moment for which all Germany's plans were working was the spring of 1915. That undoubtedly was the case in regard to these plans as placed before the Reichstag. There were, however, reasons and indications which led us to believe that in 1912 and 1913 they would be accelerated without any public indication of the fact. In the first place, the Kiel Ship Canal's enlargement will be completed in 1914, or earlier than was stated. Besides, we have to remember that German enlistments, exclusive of re-enlisted men, are for three years, and these men pass away into the reserve every October, their places being taken by recruits who have to be trained. Those who pass into the reserve have just undergone the training of the annual manœuvres held in September, as, for instance, the manœuvres which are now taking place. Hence, from the most important point of view, that of personnel, the moment for Germany to declare war is in September. There is, however, another reason for forcing the pace in Germany, as otherwise the moment for war may coincide with a crisis in the internal affairs of the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary over the renewal of their mutual treaty arrangements, and such dissensions might seriously interfere with active help from that quarter. To meet the situation in 1914 the Foreign Office would naturally require a bold display of force in the Mediterranean to impress on Austria and Italy the desirability of remaining neutral. For this purpose it was so obvious that our programme this year should be expanded to provide for a Mediterranean Fleet in the future, that certain Unionist journals seemed to place the most child-like reliance on Mr. Churchill's words, and believed that being forced by the Foreign Office to give up all idea of abandoning the Mediterranean he would as a matter of course ask for supplementary estimates to provide the ships. We sympathise with them in their disillusionment, more so since claims were made to speak with inside knowledge which was supposed to be convincing enough to make our own scepticism seem ungenerous when

all Mr. Churchill's frothy speeches were public evidence of his good intentions. We used to think that Unionists as a party opposed to demagogues would never accept words as a substitute for deeds, and so far as deeds were concerned, we remembered that more than anyone else it was Mr. Churchill's influence which was responsible for the inadequacy of the programmes of 1910 and 1911, which have brought us to a peril which in that it is already affecting the industries and investments of the country, may be said to be a present peril though its culmination does not come until September 1914, when Germany reaches the maximum result of its naval activities, and the recent provision for the expansion of her army which is intended to overawe the French lawyers and journalists in the Chamber at Paris.

At such a time of the year, when our own fleet is dispersed after the manœuvres, the only advantage England has to be thankful for under Radical government is that Parliament is not sitting and the permanent officials govern the country. Mr. Churchill will then, no doubt, have a select party in what used to be known as the Admiralty yacht. Unfortunately his "Enchantress" is fitted with that most indiscriminating invention, a wireless installation, which is equally at the disposal of a strategist like Admiral von Tirpitz and a chatterbox with a cypher like Mr. Churchill. We have had an awful lesson of his capacity in the outwitting of the British force in the recent manœuvres, in spite of a two-to-one superiority, because the Admiralty tried to control this force by wireless orders of a quick-change character suited to the peculiar temperament of Mr. Churchill. He has recently given us a review and an inspection as though these things were a preparation and not a hindrance to efficiency in battle. The review took place before the King, who at least knows what efficiency means, and to whom every officer and man looks as the head of the Navy for encouragement. The inspection at a later date was remarkable for the far larger number of ships assembled, at great expense, for no other purpose but the glorification of Mr. Churchill.

The Navy bitterly resents this exploitation, and the senior ranks are scandalised and astonished at the antics of the new First Lord and his brusque treatment of men who have grown old in a profession in which he could never have risen as an officer. He began by making a clean sweep of the Board of Admiralty, of officers who will always be affectionately remembered and honoured for their one splendid achievement, in that under the calm, considerate, and cautious guidance of Sir Arthur Wilson they restored the comradeship of the Navy which Lord Fisher had done much to destroy. After dismissing them, Mr. Churchill took a step as inconceivable as it was dangerous in bringing back Lord Fisher as a prompter behind the scenes. Lord Fisher has retired from the Navy, and had he elected, after all the miserable shipwreck of his plans and the harm that he has done to a great service, to be content with the peerage and pension his country has given him we would say no more. Throughout the Navy, however, the ominous rumour has gone out that "Fisher is back", and these statements have been confirmed to us by high authorities. The ex-First Sea Lord for many years enabled the Radicals to cut down the Navy so that we are now paying through the nose two or three times as much as the miserable advertised savings, even to hold our own against a single Power, in the position to which they reduced us. As we have said he broke down the comradeship of the Navy, even stooping to printing at the taxpayers' expense private letters from a junior officer attacking his seniors, and a naval member of Parliament who exercised his right to criticise the Admiralty. He failed to punish insubordination though himself responsible for the discipline of the fleet. The training scheme by which he ruined instead of reforming the system of entering and training officers is now the subject of a great inquiry, after all inquiry was refused, though persistently demanded in Parliament. His admirers claim the "Dreadnought" as a feather in his cap. The only distinctive feature of the "Dreadnought" which has

survived is the carrying up of bulkheads without doors to above the water-line, and that is one which was simply copied—and very rightly copied—from American and German designs. In 1903 the Americans designed a ship with more than two turrets, but with all turrets on the central line as in former ships. The "Dreadnought" design of 1905 was for turrets to be placed on each side as well. After following this practice in the Fisher administration it has been abandoned in favour of the American design, to which our cousins have steadily adhered. In the "Dreadnought" great praise was claimed by its sponsors for the abandonment of the 6-inch protected battery and the use of 12-pounders in undefended positions. Now the 12-pounders are pronounced ineffective and the 6-inch gun is back again in its protected battery. Even a change which had some real merit in it, the placing of officers' quarters near the bridge instead of aft, has been given up. All that remains of the "Dreadnought" is the solid fact that the claim to have rendered the existing British Navy obsolete, which was so extravagantly advertised throughout the world, led to a race of super-Dreadnoughts which rendered the British Navy, as built before the Dreadnought era, so obsolete that Mr. Churchill declares that he dare not station pre-Dreadnought battleships in the Mediterranean.

Lord Fisher paved the way for that retreat even as he had ordered our ships to retreat from the other distant stations. Lord Fisher had every advantage, untrammelled power, and the complete confidence of King Edward. What could not have been done with such opportunities to render services commensurate with those of Anson and S. Vincent? Lord Fisher's journalistic admirers retort that naval opponents of the administration were not without blame though their criticisms have proved true. They do not see that the statement is a strong condemnation of Lord Fisher's methods. How came these officers to be provoked into courses which were not in accordance with the comradeship and discipline of the Navy? Who ever heard of similar steps with Sir Frederick Richards, Lord Walter Kerr, or Sir Arthur Wilson, and would any living ex-First Sea Lords defend Lord Fisher? Such men are imbued with the tradition of a great service. It will be well if Mr. Churchill breathes its atmosphere and steeps himself in its traditions, approaching the problem, which with every delay in doing his duty becomes one of increasing difficulty, with some of those qualities of a great administrator.

THE CITY.

STOCK markets have been rather reactionary this week. A cessation of the steady buying which continued during the month of August was followed by profit-taking accompanied by professional bear sales. The raising of the Bank rate to 4 per cent. has had no direct influence upon securities; in fact, it was considered satisfactory that the directors of the Bank had definitely settled the monetary question for some weeks ahead instead of allowing the threat of higher money rates to overshadow markets. The causes which led to the increasing of the rate have, however, been a source of apprehension. Fears in regard to the heavy gold withdrawals that are anticipated have impeded the demand for Consols, and in the absence of support liquidation of speculative accounts has caused a considerable decline. The Government broker has been absent from the market, and even the announcement that a further £250,000 had been placed to the account of the old Sinking Fund did not strengthen the quotation.

Among International securities Greek issues have come into demand on the suggestion that the debt should be unified, though such an operation is beset with many difficulties. Peruvian Corporation stocks, in which Berlin is particularly interested, have made sharp see-saw movements, profit-taking being temporarily counteracted by a very good railway traffic return. Balkan issues have not been much affected by political rumours, and Chinese securities bear no reflec-

tion of the unsettled state of affairs in the Celestial Republic.

Home Rails, after their period of buoyancy, have given way under profit-taking, but Metropolitan and the Southern stocks have displayed a good deal of resiliency. Rumours of a working agreement among the Underground Companies revived speculative interest in "Mets.", while signs of activity in the Kent coal camp attracted renewed attention to Chathams and South-Easterns. The Scottish dividends announced during the week were in accordance with general expectation, and therefore created no comment; but a sharp rise in Rhymney Ordinary was recorded without any special explanation.

Canadian Pacifics have moved in a jerky fashion. The postponement of Government sanction to the proposed issue of new stock is being employed for all it is worth by the bears, although nobody seriously believes that the increase will be vetoed. The stock, however, shows stubborn resistance to sales. It is naturally very tightly held in view of the expected bonus, and the floating supply is spread over London, New York, Montreal, Berlin and Amsterdam, so that a comparatively small amount of buying or selling causes a fairly sharp movement in the quotation. Grand Trunks have been very dull. A fine traffic for the last ten days of August had not the slightest effect. Gross receipts, no matter how good they may be, are not worth much attention when they are completely swallowed up, as they were in July, by expenses. The New York market has been quite uninteresting. The Vermont elections provided an unpleasant surprise in the unexpected strength of the Roosevelt party, which prevented the Taft representatives from obtaining a majority. As the Vermont State elections are proverbially a guide to the result of the Presidential election, it is feared that Mr. Taft's success depends upon a Republican compromise, which appears somewhat doubtful of attainment.

Interest in Foreign Rails has slackened. The bull account in Mexicans is being slowly liquidated to the detriment of quotations, and the Argentine group has merely displayed firmness on good traffic returns. A sharp recovery has occurred in San Paulos, it being recognised that the threatened competition cannot materialise for some years. Guayaquil bonds have been sold on account of delay in the regular remittance from Ecuador to meet the coupon, but it is suggested that that has been caused by the succession of the new President to office having disturbed the routine of Government.

The denial of current rumours put a stop to the advance in Royal Mail Steam Packet stock, and most of the active shipping shares have slipped back. The Mining markets, on the whole, have given a very good account of themselves. Copper shares have withstood a fair amount of profit-taking, and Diamonds present a firm front. Kaffirs are hardly so strong, and Rhodesians have not yet found much public support. As regards Rubbers a large amount of the shares recently bought are being taken off the market, and attempts by the bears to dislodge stock have not met with great success. The Oil share department at the moment is in a stupid condition. A sharp rise in Schibaeffs and Bibi-Eybats was quite unjustified, and the inevitable reaction followed, but other shares have been relatively neglected.

With markets in a quieter state, several new issues are being prepared, and the prospects of successful flotations seem fairly promising.

THE OLD-WORLD JESUIT AND THE MODERN STATE.

BY LYNDWOOD JUNIOR.

ONE reason why socialism spreads among the British working classes is that its enemies are powerless to meet it on the moral or philosophic plane. Indeed most English anti-socialism is either stupid or dishonest, for it is only anti-socialistic when its pre-

judices and interests are concerned. Take for example the question of religious education in elementary schools. Here, under the influence of religious prejudice, some stalwarts of the "individualistic" camp out-Herod the Social Democratic Federation in their enthusiasm for State intervention. A journal which denounces old-age pensions as profligate confiscation extols the Cowper-Temple system of county council theology as a manifestation of the high spiritual functions of the State. Meanwhile the working man whose children are taught a religion in the State schools, of which he does not approve, rightly considers that if the State can justly settle theology it can no less justly settle his employer.

The truth is that the Englishmen of the upper classes, if we except strong Churchmen and Roman Catholics, derive such ideas of political science as they possess from the Benthamites or Hegel. The effect of the Utilitarian philosophy on those who accept this is to make all legislation a pure question of expediency, and in the end to destroy all belief in natural justice. The influence of Hegel is even more unfortunate. That much-extolled German pundit was simply a philosophical Luther. The practical deification of the sovereignty of the small German prince, which was Luther's sole contribution to politics, Hegel has expressed in philosophical language, and Hegel's English disciples, while they often are among the bitterest enemies of the rights of ecclesiastical or labour corporations, have seldom any stomach for a fight with State oppression.

It is occasionally said that the one serious enemy that confronts socialism to-day is the Roman Catholic Church. This idea is partially true, because, thanks to the Jesuit Suarez, the thinker of the days of the counter-reformation, Rome does possess a political philosophy which, whatever its limitations, enables the Christian anti-socialist to meet his adversary on his own ground. This political philosophy, which finds its ablest exposition in Suarez' book "De Legibus", is not to be identified with Ultramontane theology. It is, moreover, in flagrant contradiction of the political ideas of the Middle Ages. The views of Suarez on many political questions would repel an English Tory, as they would have sickened a mediaeval Catholic like Dante. In spite of his scholastic philosophy and his fierce Papalism, he is, when he writes of the civil power, just a Radical of the Manchester school. He asked what was the State, and he answered that it was not in its essence a Christian institution. At times he even goes beyond that school of political thought. When he discusses women in politics he shows himself as strong a suffragist as John Stuart Mill. When he speaks of unjust taxes he almost approaches the standpoint of the passive resister. Of the doctrine of the divine right of kings he is an implacable opponent, and no French Jacobin ever asseverated more strongly than did this subject of Philip II. of Spain that all civil authority is delegated by the inhabitants of a State to its rulers. In what then lies the advantage of a Suarez over the countless other advocates of democracy? In his anticipation of the modern view of the modern State almost before it had come into being. He realised that the age of Hildebrand and Dante was over, that the modern State was not and could not be either the police department of the Church, which is what the Papacy would have made of it, or the ecclesiastical guide of the nation, which Hooker deemed it to be. The proper powers of a Christian or a pagan king were identical. Nor was the State even of patriarchal origin. Adam was the founder not of the State, but of the family. The State presupposed the existence both of family and property. It arose as a simple matter of convenience, because men desired to live in society, and without some government society is impossible. The very fact that civil government is a mere convention for mundane ends disqualifies the civil ruler from any right of rule in things spiritual, for to the kings of the earth Christ delegated no jurisdiction. Those who claim such authority for the State forget that for Christians the new law of the Gospel has superseded the old law of Jewish dispensa-

tion. The form of a government was a pure matter of arrangement. An hereditary monarchy might be the best system for the community to set up; but an aristocratic or democratic republic would be equally legitimate, if the citizens so desired. There was no objection either in natural law or theology to the exercise of political authority by a woman. The law of Nature had naught to do with civil government, which is, says our Jesuit, like a politician of a later day, a most ladylike occupation. In all these views Suarez is simply a modern Liberal. Where he differs from modern political thinkers is in his intense belief that government and legislation must be just, and that if they cease to be just they cease to be either government or law. An unjust law, even if made by the Pope, is not a law, and need not be obeyed. An unjust tax may lawfully be resisted, and the person forced to pay it may recoup himself at the State's expense. Nevertheless, such tax-payer must not even in these circumstances, says our Jesuit moralist, deceive the tax-collector. The State that offends against natural justice becomes, he insists, a tyranny, and may be lawfully overthrown. Here lies the gist of the Jesuit teaching, and here appears its great superiority over modern political thought. Theoretically in all probability the modern politician would agree with Suarez that an unjust law is an offence against morality. In practice, however, he might defend it on the ground that the majority desired it and that the minority must suffer. That the State might be acting ultra vires and that resistance might be a duty is an idea that he would not venture to suggest unless perhaps the sufferer were a Nonconformist. It is in the sphere in which Church and State come into collision that the weakness of the modern position is most apparent. The English politician has abandoned the idea that the State is of divine origin. He would agree with Suarez that its ends are merely mundane, yet he would insist that it is its duty to teach theology and to alter the moral law, and the lawyers would uphold his view. If pressed for a reason why a power which is purely earthly can regulate spiritual things in defiance of the wishes of those to whom a heavenly commission has been given, he would talk vaguely of expediency, majorities, and force. Meanwhile his recognition of his pagan State as supreme, alike in spiritual and temporal matters, his practical denial of the existence of any moral law outside the state's code are preparing the nation for the worst form of socialistic tyranny.

JACOBIN CARRION.

THE weakest weapon in man's armoury is abuse. One great advantage it possesses, that anyone who condescends to wield it can do so, after a fashion. Anyone can "call rogue and rascal from a garret". But it damages the assailant more than him who is attacked: nature having implanted in man a spirit of contradiction. The same spirit that ostracised Aristides takes the man's part whom it hears abused.

We have heard Macaulay's "Edinburgh" review of Barère's *Mémoires* praised as a piece of strong writing. To us it seems most lamentably, piteously, violently weak. Macaulay accuses M. Hippolyte Carnot, the editor of the *Mémoires*, of coming "forward to demand approbation for a life black with every sort of wickedness, and unredeemed by a single virtue". Who believes that any man ever led such a life? "The filthiest and most spiteful Yahoo of the fiction was a noble creature when compared with the Barère of history." So much the worse for history, for the man, or beast, compared with whom Swift's Yahoos were "noble creatures" simply never existed. "By attempting to enshrine this Jacobin carrion, he" (M. Carnot) "has forced us to gibbet it; and we venture" (with true "Edinburgh" daring) "to say that, from the eminence of infamy on which we have placed it, he will not easily take it down". Probably M. Carnot never tried. No other man is likely to try, since no man who reads the essay can believe in the Jacobin

carrion. The "eminence of infamy" is piled to such a height that he must doubt whether, in reality, there is anything at all a-top. Certainly there cannot be what Macaulay says there is.

The only possible effect of this inordinate abuse is to send the reader of the essay to Barère's *Mémoires*. In them he comes out as much too white as in Macaulay he is painted too black. But Barère was an advocate, and his own advocate. Though the man who is his own lawyer may have a fool, he is pretty certain of a saint for his client. There is a portrait in the *Mémoires*. Portraits are doubtful evidence, but it must be admitted that the portrait is something like a man, which Macaulay's Barère is not. It is a strange head, beautiful and dangerous. The upper part faultless but for a wildness in the eye, suggesting S. John the Baptist, or a young Elijah. The mouth and chin cruel and weak together.

Barère's portrait is in fact exactly what one would have expected, containing enthusiasm marred by a touch of fear, strength degenerating into cruelty. The face of an inquisitor, but not at all the face a man who "approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity" could carry about with him.

No one pretends that Barère was a good man, though doubtless in this whitewashing age some one will one day so pretend. He did many evil things, though, as even Macaulay admits, allowance should be made for the times. The coach of a boat between the Gut and the barges exhausts epithet on two's faulty feather, five's crooked swing, and seven's round back: but in the boats of the "Titanic" form mattered little: the only requisite was a long pull and a strong pull.

Barère was a great liar: "there may", says Macaulay, "have been as great liars though we never met with them or read of them". But then he was a journalist. His chef d'œuvre in that line was probably the sinking of the "Vengeur". Even Carlyle, wrath at being taken in, and professed hater of lies, owns that "there is in this a greatness, nay a kind of sublimity that strikes us silent". "So majestic a piece of Blague" was splendid journalism: "It made the French fight better".

In the "New Lucian", Beaconsfield tells Peel that "Nothing, depend upon it, is more politic than longevity". Barère lived till 1841, to be eighty-six. But apparently Beaconsfield's dictum did not apply, for he died in poverty, and all men speak ill of him. Why Macaulay should be so specially furious in 1844, one scarcely sees. But have we not just read in a new book that in 1793 a lady of six used to be brought in after dinner to drink "Church and State, and down with the Rump!" and throw the glass over her dimpled shoulder to smash against the wainscot? Political prejudice lasts, and the French Revolution was modern in Macaulay's day compared with the Rump in Frances Winckley's.

And abuse abides with us still. Indeed it would seem that this century has a superabundance of it. Some, we suppose, is necessary, some minds so constituted that it appeals to them. But exaggeration of abuse can surely appeal only to the very ignorant, to the most trusting of the populace. Says Borrow, "As the speaker was proceeding with his nonsense, I heard someone say behind me 'A pretty fellow, that, to speak against drinking. It was only the other day I saw him reeling out of a ginshop'. Now that speech I did not like, for I saw at once that it could not be true, so I turned quickly round and said, 'Old chap, I can scarcely credit that!'" So would say most audiences of "oratory" if they gave themselves time to think. So many, after listening to speeches, political and other, say now.

"Taking off the gloves" and "hitting straight from the shoulder" may be very well. Putting on knuckledusters is cowardly. And, which is more to the combatant's purpose, it does not pay: it only enlists sympathy for the person attacked. The naked hand of truth is best. Embellished by rings or disfigured by

armatures it is not so convincing. Truth is hard to speak? Then lie. "Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer, and, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer. Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike." You will damage your opponent by meiosis far more than you will by exaggerated abuse.

As things are going now, some of us who, to begin with, greatly disliked certain eminent men, shall believe in them. We, who loathed, shall grow to love them: Love shall conquer at the last.

SHAKESPEARE'S APOCRYPHAL PREFACES.

V.—"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

FOR this present generation of fools that smiles upon my play in dutiful respect for our Royal Mistress that commandeth it, I would but say amen to their misplaced affection. Let them do nothing but smile, till their mouths be fixed in an enforced persuasion of merriment. This prologue shall lie by in the dark till time hath washed off the treasonable colour from disrespect of mine own performance. For manifestly it were perilous courtesy to the humorous Queen, were I publicly to refuse the honour which is thrust upon me; and it were an ill occasion for modesty on my part, if I were roundly to proclaim the unworthiness of a work that hath royally been praised for qualities wherein so plentifully it lacks. I am the more loth to sail into the North of my Lady's opinion to hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, as I spy entertainment in her; and can construe the action of her late familiar style into a commendable disposition to receive my plays at the Court, a purpose wherein she would be for the needy but honest rogues of our Company as a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. For the subject crowd do find a special virtue when the beam of a monarch's view doth with judicious ciellades gild the poet; and, only to keep the haviour of reputation, they would sit and laugh or weep with Majesty, though the matter were to them as Greek, and quite beyond the province of understanding. Launching, therefore, my pinnace to these golden shores, I would not wilfully bring down a contrary blast upon the adventure with an unseasonable cry of stinking mackerel. Moreover I have that in my head which freely uttered might speedily remove it.

But wherefore should a man talk at all, if not with a quick tongue to the living? Briefly, I have that last infirmity, which, when the rest is silence, would have my cause reported aright to the unsatisfied that come after and pass upon the reputation of dead men. Know then that this same play that hath wrinkled the face of Majesty, so far as Majesty may publicly be moved in the way of laughter, was writ within the space of fourteen days by the express royal order of an excellent Queen, whose faults are few and include not an understanding of poets and their ware. The Queen was graciously moved to play upon me; to seem to know my stops; to pluck out the heart of my mystery; to sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass. And truly there was much music, excellent voice, in this little organ. But alas! my royal mistress knew not the ventages, and was unable to command any utterance of harmony. Briefly I was desired, preposterously out of all hooping, to write of one already as well known in London as Paul's (one I had already killed lest he should be spoiled with overdoing), and to write of him quite athwart the current of his nature. Sir John Falstaff was to be shown in love; to write sorrowful ballads; to be defeated and put down with the honest virtue of the Dian he affected. Whereupon he should heartily repent, and be troubled no more with vanity. Had I taken this suggestion as a cat laps milk, I had to the end of my days been the spirit of Monsieur Remorse, as melancholy as a lugged bear or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe. For what a devil hath Sir John to do with love? Would you have him scrawl sweet cupids, and dwindle into a green sickness? "For", saith this Royal message, "let there be no talk of the leaping-house or bawdy matters

in this play of Master Shakespeare : I would have the fat knight honestly tied in his affection." Falstaff was to kneel—if he could compass the motion sans mischief to his bulk—and kiss my lady's hand; put his venerable head beneath the rusty curb of old father antic the law; and redeem of Satan the soul that was lost to him for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg.

In the end of all have I so far yielded as to leave the fear of my reputation on the left hand; and, hiding mine honour in my necessity, have been fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch. Omitting to drop my self-opinion in an unconfinable baseness, yet have I so far departed from the precise terms of my poetic conscience as to put myself in some danger of shrewd and heavy misconstruction. Herein I shall discover to you a thing which must a little lay open mine own imperfection; but, good my masters, as you have an eye for my weakness in yielding even thus far to the Royal wish, so I pray you to consider how easy it is to be such an offender, that I may the easier pass your reproof.

Briefly, desiring not to offend a Queen whose smiles are as angels to a needy player, I did strive to balance between my duty as a subject and mine independence as a poet. Could I not so far follow the Royal prescription as to escape the Royal displeasure; and, withal, so far give to Sir John his liberty of heart and hand that he might not altogether deny his nature? Such was the true course of my endeavour; and therein have I so far fared as a good subject of the Queen that you shall find Sir John after his fashion enamoured; reaching the period of his ambition with catching his heavenly jewel; and professing requital to a hair's breadth, not only in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. Thus far should my Royal mistress be gratified in the fulfilment of her main direction. Elsewhere she shall seek in vain for satisfaction of my humble obedience; for, having brought Sir John back from the grave to the manifest peril of his reputation, I could no further persist in his undoing. Indeed, as you shall see, frequently he breaketh away to view his resurrection with amaze and to wonder at the paces he was put to for the Royal diversion. Heavily he hath reproached me, and with excellent justice, that I should so far have played the knave with him that he had rather his brains were taken out, buttered and thrown to a dog for a new year's gift than suffer such another indignity. For Sir John doth readily perceive he hath been made an ass; and that the remorseful author of his being hath robbed him of his wit that it lacked matter to prevent the gross defeat and o'er-reaching of his latter end. Forgive me, Jack, that thou hast stood at the mock of a Welsh goat that makes fritters of English. I had as lief seen thee choked with a piece of toasted cheese. Let us retire and nurse our griefs in company; rail at princes; and pray heaven hereafter to defend us from their favour. Finally, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire, when thou hast eaten a posset and buried thy dishonour in a pottle of burnt sack, with a toast in it, but no pullet sperm in the brewage—for thou didst ever like thy drink simple of itself—we will together laugh this sport over by a country fire, and be most horribly revenged upon thine enemies, so long as the wit holds and laughter hath virtue to shake us.

Up to the writing of this play I had but one regret on Jack's account—that never he had met my terrible fellow of Wales, the rebel Glendower, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook. For in the day of his pride Sir John had put some pretty terms upon this prince of Welshmen, and something squared the shame of his posthumous encounters with small Sir Hugh. Rumour hath whispered me—and who stoppeth the vent of hearing when for his entertainment Rumour would stuff him with witty inventions?—that seven Welshmen ran stark mad on beholding my picture of Glendower and swore a league for my destruction. To say truth,

Rumour hath often jested more to the purpose than in this story. For no Welshman that ever I met was like to run into a visible passion to find that by others he was less accounted of than seemed in his own eyes just and reasonable. Rather he retireth into an impregnable inner fortress of stubborn self-esteem. What he conceives of himself and of the world verily is so; and there's an end. Soothly I am well pleased with my Welshmen, who are as God made them, not conceived in a personal spleen, but justly measured. For Glendower, though no man speaks better Welsh—and, when he is upon the full tide of his eloquence, it were best but to cry "hum" seasonably and mark him not—yet is he a worthy gentleman; valiant; and, rightly touched, as bountiful as the mines of India. He will hold you nine hours in reckoning the devils' names that are his lackeys; for your Welshman is a most circumstantial dreamer who lies all the better because he credits his own tale; so that the more he dotes upon truth, the less is he able to speak anything but what is false. As for my Captain Fluellen, I would have you love him for a brave and careful soldier; and as one that can take a reasonable vengeance upon them that mock the honour of his country. If he hath the qualities of his race, these are not for the mockery of swaggering and windy braggarts. Truly he speaks a language of his own contriving; and he cares not who knows that the King is of Welsh blood, being in no wise ashamed of His Majesty, so long as His Majesty is an honest man. Moreover, he mightily loves to talk of the ceremonies and disciplines of the wars; and will prove you that Monmouth is Macedon in the true Welsh fashion of one that is never astray to show himself on the right side of an argument, no matter how he may come by it. But these things are more to be noted in kindness than in mockery. Those that use Captain Fluellen for their diversion stand in peril of the leek that Ancient Pistol was fain to bite in despite of his digestion.

In regard to Sir Hugh, the Welsh fairy of Sir John's most natural abhorrence, it is sufficient honour for any man to have assisted at the downfall of the wittiest fat man that ever shifted his buttons at the end of a feast. After this what Welshman can reasonably aver that I have basely entreated his countrymen? It is true that privately I love them not; but, for all that, I have pictured them fairly and in their proper feature. Sir Hugh is parlously a fool; yet, for a fool, he hath his fair portion of wit, and a most complete understanding of his numbers and genders, in which many an English fool is plentifully at a hazard. Is it, besides, an edict that there shall be no more fools in Wales? If such there be, needs must we give over the country to muttons and goats; for if wisdom be no more marred with the marrying of Welsh fools for the perpetuation of Welsh folly, it is very certain that wisdom is in a way to perish from Welsh land. For what is the folly of the fool, if it be not a sauce for the wisdom of the wise?

THE LAUNCH.

FORTH, to the alien gravity,
Forth, to the laws of ocean, we
Builders on earth by laws of land
Entrust this creature of our hand
Upon the calculated sea.

Fast bound to shore we cling, we creep,
And make our ship ready to leap
Light to the flood, equipped to ride
The strange conditions of the tide—
New weight, new force, new world: the Deep.
Ah thus—not thus—the dying, kissed,
Cherished, exhorted, shriven, dismissed;
On him, not yet estranged, we wait—
Our utmost—till he reach the gate
To keep the incalculable tryst.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE LUXEMBOURG GARDEN.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

I AM always conscious of the Luxembourg Garden. I hear the whistling of the engines in the Gare Montparnasse and the rumbling of the tram-cars in the rue de Rennes, but I am not—most fortunately—I am not conscious of them. I know the kingly Louvre is just on the other side of the river awaiting my pleasure, but I am not conscious of it. Paris itself, the Paris of my childhood, which actually haunted me when it was only a word, at best a passing vision, has long lost the charm which used to be attached to its elegant syllables as it dwells in the names of flowers. But the more I have lived in the near vicinity of the Luxembourg the more continuously I have felt its fascinating existence. I may be lazy or busy, thinking hard or not thinking at all, wistful or listless, the happy island near by is part of my consciousness. As some secret loadstone of desire in our minds draws and governs all our thoughts, sometimes the imperial sweep of the great garden, sometimes the brilliant ring in the grand parterre, sometimes a solitary larkspur dancing in an unvisited platband associate mysteriously with my moods, and I know that the moment I am released from work I shall drift towards them.

I dare say many people in this neighbourhood whose anonymous faces have gradually become familiar to me, must often find themselves in the garden without knowing why or how, but I am always conscious of the attention and know the phases of my progress. There are two chief ones. As I cross the glaring wilderness of the boulevard Raspail I walk warily and timorously, risking shy glances to the right and left to see if any pulling down is threatening, or if a crew of that horrid and unnatural corporation—the urban woodcutters—are taking stock of a forgotten garden over a palisade. The moment this dangerous zone is behind, I walk more erect and prime myself for a fight with the Spider. The Spider is a thin, ageless, spectacled Jew who keeps a second-hand bookshop on my way. Second-hand booksellers as a rule have a grand way of letting you do what you like with their books without interfering: they are a gentlemanly brotherhood. But the Spider is different. Ten seconds after my appearance at his stall his round glasses gleam in the cobweb of miscellaneous articles hung behind his window, and if I dare take up a book some invisible thread immediately brings him to my side. He invariably begins with offering me English books: Young's "Night Thoughts", or Thomson's "Seasons", or an exceptionally pretty duodecimo "Pamela" in eight volumes. "No, they don't interest you", he says in an offhand manner when I shake my head. "But Shakespeare? . . . you must be interested in Shakespeare?" I have explained several times to the Spider why I do not buy his Shakespeares, but he perversely forgets it and says in a disgusted tone, "No, Shakespeare does not interest you". Then he quickly gets in and out of the shop, as if he had twenty legs instead of two, and placing a Greek folio close to my nose—the Spider is very short-sighted—he says, with an emphasis which invariably forces my departure, "Here is a beautiful S. John Chrysostomus. This must interest you!"

In a few steps I am in the Luxembourg, and at once I adopt the gait which befits the place, while my mind undergoes a sudden change. Much as I may have wished to find myself there I feel as if I did not care, as you have seen a goldfish pretending slow-swimming indifference when he is replaced in his bowl and waiting a while to show his real feelings. I do not look at the garden itself. I proceed calmly watching the people and satisfying myself that everything is as usual. The gardeners have just eaten their lunch, and they resume their work, which in this season is chiefly to sweep the sere chestnut leaves in rustling unstable heaps. They smile and nod over their long brooms. All friends. I can ask them the names of the plants which I yearly forget: they will be only too pleased. I am part of the garden, and they have no doubt that I am interested.

I know the calendar of the Luxembourg as if I were one of them: 15 March, chairs repainted; 1 April, wall-flowers out; 15 April, palm, pomegranate and other hibernating trees carted in shaking procession out of the tall and warm conservatory. Week after, unwise, enterprising rose bushes cut down to the stem. May to August, grand parterre gay with low serried artificial-looking flowers with a back row of larkspurs and fox-gloves, to give us hope. August to November, grand parterre a blaze of tall rank geraniums, hollyhocks and salvias, with aster bushes against S. Theresa's Day, and chrysanthemums afterwards. This is the great floral joy of the whole year. 15 October—invariably a splendid sunshiny day—"hibernants" reluctantly carted back to conservatory; gardeners smiling and merciless like old Fate; 15 November everything mowed down heaven knows when, probably in the night, as nobody ever saw it done, and winter stillness setting in.

But winter stillness is still far away, and the gardeners are only pretending that it is autumn with their dead leaves, and the usual people are in their usual places in the garden. In the broad avenues to the right, two boarding schools of girls in black, old-fashioned uniforms play at ball: the uniforms were made new for October last, but they look old and short just now: further to the right the S. Sulpice priests walk by twos or read their breviaries; and further again, in the green lawns near the pépinière, a sprinkling of students con books. This is not their usual haunt. As a rule they are on the other side of the grand parterre with étudiantes, and keep up a great noise; but the imminence of examinations drives them from their seats, as migratory birds are compelled to travel by various necessities which M. de Serres—on the Spider's shelves—explains very well, and reduces them to forlorn loneliness and cheerless commune with unfamiliar books.

To the left, in the meandering walks round the Selenus, young mothers of families block up every path with the wheelbarrows, hoops, skipping-ropes, and sand-shovels of their hearts' treasures, and a cicada-like sound of many voices rises under the trees. Do not come too near, but examine at your leisure. You will see there several types of that almost extinct character, the Parisian bourgeoisie of the days when bourgeois was a compliment not an insult. These young women were born in the old houses in the rue Bonaparte and the rue de Vaugirard; their mothers played in the avenues in which they are now watching their own children at play, and the genius loci, the spirit of old Paris—the Paris which meant people not houses—speaks in their modulated voices. But the motor-car waylays these well-to-do young matrons at every corner, and if they give in, good-bye to this dear old sojourn of ancient simplicity: it will be given up to the Irish nurses and learned Fräulein, who now fill the circular walk round the grand parterre with their brogue or their surpetitious French.

On the other side of the roseraie, insufferably hot and desert in this season, a peaceful avenue of aged plane trees runs between the Petit Luxembourg and the croquet-ground. The Petit Luxembourg might be a bishop's house in a cathedral town, and its garden, with its trim shrubberies and narrow strips of flowers, looks formal and provincial. There lived Richelieu and Napoleon Bonaparte, first consul; and there now lives M. Antonin Dubost, President of the Senate, who might be some day President of the Republic if he were not so unpopular. I have never seen a soul in that garden, and I long felt as if it were my own property; but some months ago the unpopular, invisible occupant raised the low railings, and I lost the pleasant sensation that I kept out because I would rather see the place from a distance. On the croquet ground the croquet club are playing. Day after day, unless it pours, the croquet-players strategise in that quincunx and day after day their compeers, often to the number of a hundred or a hundred and fifty, watch them in mute admiration. There never was such a good-natured, easily pleased fraternity as the Luxembourg croquet club. How I know it is difficult to say, for I

never once stopped to look at them, but I know it for certain all the same.

A flight of a dozen steps brings you to the Queens' Terrace, with the queenly if ugly statues ranged on their pedestals behind you. Here the consciousness of the garden, which has been so far dormant, suddenly becomes wide awake. There is no more question of who is in the Luxembourg and who is not, what people are doing and what I may be thinking of them: these things are mere trifles with which the imagination delays its enjoyment a while. On the Queens' Terrace the beauty of the garden returns on me with all its irresistible power, and I deliver myself up passively to it. I suppose that if I were to be taken up in the air by a very accomplished aviator, whose strong wings gave me the sensation that I was gliding up and down, forwards and backwards and round with no effort and only unbounded pleasure, the feeling would be somewhat akin to that which the sight one enjoys from the balustrade can give. The unity and harmony of all that we see create the fluid spiritual medium through which the soul flies without obstacle—one gets used to the heavy strength of Marie de Medici's Italian palace—and the wonderful variety of the lines and colours is the magic force which takes its weight away from our being and endows it with enrapturing lightness. It must be the vegetal wealth of the grand parterre that begins the enchantment: when the soul has played over it some time, the noble line of the white balustrade calls and leads it from the divine flowers to the flowing contours devised by human ingenuity, the rich masses of foliage which seem to copy before they finally reveal the dome of the Panthéon, the deep avenues verging towards the pearly grey vision of the Observatoire, the tall tree-tops over which the spires of S. Sulpice tower. Everything invites and nothing detains too much the eye: our vision only meets with happy curves as seductive as the most graceful attitudes. The sky, which over the Tuilleries has its own beauty, seems to belong to the Luxembourg, and so does the breeze which the broad, empty spaces behind the Observatoire produce even in the hottest days. The first hour one passes on this terrace is an enchantment, but when the Luxembourg has gradually become part of our life and memories attach to all its sights or moods, something positively human underlies its charm and speaks in the many clock-bells one hears there, in the bugle of the "retraite" at sunset, and even in the dull Oriental drum of the Guignol on a warm afternoon.

When you have had your fill of the terrace poem, you can walk over to the other side of the grand parterre, and sit somewhere in the charmille between the Odéon and the Medici fountain. It is quite a thoroughfare, and thousands walk along there between two and seven or eight in this season. An hour of this slow-moving procession will not tire you with the garden as a background to its human aspect, and you will see more that will make you think and wonder than in all the novels out for sale in the Odéon galleries hard by.

ADSCRIPTUS GLEBÆ.

BY JOHN HALSHAM.

COBB'S HATCH is a byword, even amongst all the starved and shiftless farming of a particularly ungrateful strip of country, whose hungry and obstinate soil seems constantly to revenge itself against cultivation, always ready to slip back to its natural harvest of oak-saplings, six-foot bracken, and bramble-tangles. The tenant-farmers seem to have hit upon a method which for the present gets the largest practicable return from the grudging earth, a method of economics which allows the weeds to ramp almost unchecked, and only meddles with drains or hedges at the last necessity of straying stock or waterlogged pastures. Cobb's Hatch carries the system to its logical extreme: there they waste no time in harvest by putting the corn into sheaf and shock; the thin wheat and foot-high oats are raked off the stubble like hay, and carried, with as much bindweed and thistledown as straw, to

the barn. The twice-sown crops straggle in doubtful mixture over the foul sod; the broken gates are blocked with old faggots or chance-cut bushes. At Cobb's Hatch both horses and men dispense with the customary mid-day refreshment, and work at plough without bait or drink from eight o'clock to four. Sometimes one of the team—an old grey, lean as a rake, worn out before he was bought for eight pounds in the market—will fall down in the furrow and there lie, regardless of adjurations and the whip, till at length he is got on to his legs again by the rest of the team hauling on his gear. When the day is done at length, the plough is left in the ill-turned furrow, and Captain and Silver and Duke drag themselves along the headland and down the plashy lane towards home, following the ploughman, whose looks are the one touch out of keeping with the procession of gaunt shapes like the figures in a *Dance of Death*.

Jesse Budgen, who fulfils at Cobb's Hatch all the offices once allotted to so many distinct professions—ploughman, carter, shepherd to the few Marsh sheep wintered on the farm, thatcher, carpenter, stockman by turns—is a very short and thick-set young man, with a round sallow face, whose pale sun-burn is almost of the same colour as his rough thatch of hair. The light-blue wide-set eyes, when he is about his own concerns, often express a melancholy reflectiveness; but in converse with anyone that he does not know familiarly they blink and seek the ground, while his face takes on a half-sulky, half-deprecating grin, meant to convey, the stranger might think, an apology for his very being. He is one of those stationary people who never seem to be any older; the dumpy stature, the round cheeks with hardly a trace of whisker, make him to all appearance no more than a stout lad; none but his acquaintance would guess him to be a married man with seven children, established for twenty years in the tumbledown cottage called Beehouse, which is, with the exception of the modern speculator's abominations lately run up on the outskirts of the village street, probably the worst dwelling in the parish. The large simplicity of drains and water-supply apparently enable it to escape the plagues which are fairly common in the street. From the close-fisted and rough-tongued Scotch bailiff of the estate the tenant of Beehouse has made no second attempt to ask for repairs. For the most part the place decays very harmoniously with the course of nature; at times we have seen home-made defences against the more imminent breaches, elementary, but rudely effectual. An old sack easily stops a broken pane; a gap in the thatch is filled with a sort of tiling made of biscuit-tins hammered flat. Lately, when the stooping list of the whole framework of the house, the black timbers and green mildewed rough-cast, was becoming perceptibly more marked every week, the leaning corner was buttressed with a "spronk" or forked tree stem, such as is used to prop the shaky remnant of a far-cut-down haystack. The garden, save in the over-time of the long summer evenings, when the instinctive skill which Jesse shares with all the other villagers gives it a brief prosperity, is a neglected patch, with ancient, moss-smothered apple-trees and currant bushes half lost in groves of weeds. There is a faggot-stack and a wood-pile, constantly replenished with odd timber from a felling or a wind-fall branch, brought in on those squat shoulders which seem capable of any load that another two men can lay upon them. The worn, over-worked wife, a poor manager and helplessly unthrifty, rarely goes further from her door than to fill the pail at the spring by the garden gate, or to chop the bats for the fire. About the garden and the fields and woodsides riot the seven lusty and unusually well-favoured children; and to the domestic hearth, signalled by the light from the little broken window, Jesse Budgen comes back night after night from his last look at the horses. For twenty years he has worn the little path like a rabbit's track between his gate and the farmstead of Cobb's Hatch without a day's holiday. He is one of that obsolescent genus, the purely instinctive conservatives. His mates in the village, the boys he went to school

with, enlist or go into the Navy, drift into the towns, or take their well-announced departure for Greater Britain; only he and two or three others of like understanding seem content to end where they were born. Neighbours who have fallen in with him on his homeward walks for ten years or so, and have found the way into his confidence, will know that there is something more than mere immobility of mind in that stay-at-home temper. Once, when an energetic lady organiser—one of those evangelists who from time to time descend upon the village with magic-lanterns and copious "literature" to persuade us that every colony is a land of gold, and that our own islands are really the only uninhabitable part of the Empire—when the fluent propagandist had cornered Jesse, and demanded why he preferred his dull little hole to all the assorted allurements of "Overseas" which were spread before him, he had answered in his own tongue that "it seemed as how he wasn't one that was made to shift, like". The reply probably lived to draw laughter at other lectures as a dreadful example of rustic intelligence; but it was only the protective instinct at work, the shield of impervious stolidity which fends off the intrusive alien. There are practical answers to that leading question, quite clearly seen by the ruminating soul behind those light, wide-set eyes; and there are others, more general and of wider sweep, dimly but not altogether ineffectually apprehended in the limitless time for thinking spent about the lonely fields. Love of one's country may be left out of the reckoning, in the sphere in which Jesse moves; party politics, as they reach the rustic intelligence, have blotted out all notion of such coherent entities as a Land or a People—the very names grown vicious catchwords in the eternal argument. But there is something to be said yet for local attachment, the holding roots of the autochthon, a kind of fixity of tenure more weighty perhaps, in the long run than the sort which figures on political platforms. There is something to be said about the elaborate official system which has depressed and disparaged Jesse in his function of tiller of the soil since his first school-days; something even violent might be said about the schoolmaster who habitually jeered and insulted the country temper and view of life, and about the "curriculum" which was constructed to turn as many country boys as possible into shop-assistants and bank-clerks. Because he has no capacity for the delights of town, never went on a cheap excursion to gain the great educative influences of flip-flaps and switchbacks, and has failed to use the gift of reading, acquired at hideous cost of time and anguish in the standards, on halfpenny journals and betting news; because he is adequately sober, most unadventurously law-abiding, and incapable of the semblance of agitation; because he is not, like his neighbour at Tyesholt, a tuberculous draper's assistant who has read shilling hand-books and thinks he would like to try a small holding, or, like another neighbour, a drunken poaching rascal with a dozen children always on the verge of starvation, a care and a nuisance to the whole parish; for all these reasons, and fifty more like them, Jesse takes the lowest room in the commonweal, and is altogether uninteresting and negligible. The very vagrants, who break his hedge and steal his cabbages, have the public sympathy which ignores him; the restless sediment of incapables in the towns receive consideration denied to his order. He has learned to behold the powers which govern him as a malevolent autocracy, a vague and distant power acting through all the petty tyrants who harry his daily existence. He suffers as a matter of course the manners of the rustic intellectuals, the elaborate sarcasms and the blustering insolence of the postmaster, the bullying of the parish doctor, who rates him for ringing the night-bell, and gives him an impatient five minutes on his round two days after; the threats of "governess" at the school, with the attendance-officer in the background, if Jack is kept at home two days with the croup, or Milly stays to help with the house when mother is laid up. He nurses a nice sense of national justice when he sees the swarming infants of

the van-folk and tramps who camp on the common by his gate, immune from the Code, unvexed by the lightest finger of the law. He knows the bailiff, and takes care not to cross his path; he knows the local almoner of the hunt poultry-fund, who, if definite proof of loss is available, pays with calculated difficulty eighteenpence a head for young laying pullets some six months after the foxes have taken them. He has his own clear view of all these social phenomena, and understands exactly where he stands in the polite scale of reckoning. Of his relation to the realities he has at times, one may judge, some glimpses, a guess at the truth which may ultimately force itself upon us, that the squat, ungainly figure, standing overshoes in the running ditch or bent under his back-load of timber, is a pillar of the State, a bearer in the ground courses, under a dead-weight not easily to be estimated.

WHEN THE BURGLARS CAME.

By BERTRAM SMITH.

IT actually happened: there was no make-believe about it. It was probably the most tremendous event of our whole childhood, the most startling, suggestive, romantic. It was a whole chapter out of a real detective story enacted before our very eyes. It brought the burglar home to us as a real criminal who broke into the real houses of real people. He was no longer a glorious abstraction, like the pirate and the brigand. Furthermore it completely upset the ordinary tenor of our life, and anything that was capable of doing that was always welcomed with ecstatic glee; and it gave us fine thrills of terror which added much to the spice of existence. It was a time of awe-struck whispers, of solemn conclaves, of dark surmise and sinister reflexion. I suppose that grown-up persons must have found it a time of anxiety and annoyance, but it meant so much to the nursery that surely on balance the household may be said to have gained rather than lost by the visitation? Besides, all the stolen goods are recovered—which was rather disappointing from our point of view and savoured of anti-climax.

The real hero among us was my eldest brother who came out of the affair with flying colours, regarded with envious eyes for the part that he had played. It is true that he had slept through the crisis and known nothing of it till the morning, but at least he alone had come into actual contact with the house-breakers. He slept at that time on the ground floor, and they must have looked in upon him while engaged upon their unholy activities, for they had—and it shows how much they feared him as an opponent—they had actually locked him in! His first knowledge of the event was when he found himself a prisoner in the morning. But the fun had begun before that. It began at 6.30 A.M. with the hysterics of the cook—and no wonder. For these dreadful men, in a spirit of reckless levity, had actually fixed up a sort of scarecrow on the kitchen table before taking their departure.

There followed an hour of panic and amazement, of running up and down stairs, of fetching assistance, of proclaiming conflicting theories, of heated argument and general confusion. And after that the thrilling period of investigation and discovery. It is not to be supposed that we were allowed to be present while this was in progress. After a hasty toilet, in which we must assist each other for no outside help was to be looked for, we were kept safely out of the way by a distracted under-nurse (from whom little information could be elicited), as far as possible. But a scout would escape from time to time, and as the first startling facts came to light the report of them soon filtered through to us. We were enormously impressed at the very outset by the serious set purpose of these desperate men, who had actually removed the cake and laid it carefully upon the pantry shelf while extracting the silver basket in which it had reposed. We felt at once that these were no ordinary pilferers, else they had hardly left that noble cake behind. They had taken five coats from the front hall! They had taken the money-boxes—our money-boxes!—

from the shelf in the library. At this point a more rigid censorship was established. We must, it seemed, eat our breakfast (just as on any ordinary day) and ask no more questions. But despite all efforts to suppress our legitimate curiosity we managed to find out in the course of the day by a variety of means most of the known facts and to piece them together to our complete satisfaction. Much was picked up by overhearing indiscreet servants imparting the latest information to one another. Something, but not very much, was picked up by pumping old John Gardener, who by the way had become a person of enormous importance, a sort of dictator—consulting with policemen, investigating upon his own account, dismissing with asperity the reporter of the local paper, generally overseeing operations. As each new fragment of information came to us a whispered consultation would take place upon the nursery sofa in a white-heat of excitement. They had got in by the kitchen window (quite an easy feat, as we knew well), they had broken one of the tea-spoons, to see if it was silver (experts without a doubt). They had taken the big *épergne* with the stags on it (pity that that should go into the pot, for no doubt they would melt it down). There was a strong impression, quite unsupported by evidence, that they had been armed to the teeth. Finally there was the dramatic incident of the desk in the library. That was the climax of the story, and even to this day the patched desk remains to tell the tale. A part of the lid had been chipped away with a chisel (or let us hope with some more unholy tool, known only to the profession), but before it had been forced open an interruption must have occurred. The baby had cried upstairs. There was no doubt about it; it must have been that! They had fled, with the job but half complete. The baby had thwarted them of their prey, for there was no doubt that the desk contained an enormous sum of money. But the burning question, as soon as all these vivid facts had been digested, was—would they be caught? What steps were being taken? Let us forth into the garden.

There were already three separate theories in the field as to where they had surmounted the wall, but a splendid clue had been discovered in the shrubbery by old John Gardener. (What a man he was for a job of this sort!) There could be seen foot-prints, no less, guarded by a policeman, and covered by a plank, lest they should be effaced. This was where the burglars had stood watching the light in the night-nursery window, till it went out and the moment came for action. We shuddered when we thought of that silent vigil beneath our very windows, picturing to ourselves these two abandoned men (armed to the teeth) approaching their nefarious work. Later a part of the blade of a broken pen-knife came to light in the kitchen window. Here was a certain clue. We should be all right now. And yet one might have hoped that they had forced the window with something more professional than a pen-knife. We began to feel that they were losing caste. It was rumoured that the policeman had already spoken of them as mere amateurs.

After the first excitement had gone by and life had resumed its normal lines we had the greatest difficulty in gathering any further information. It was adjudged best that we should be kept in ignorance and allowed to forget the disturbing episode. No one would tell us anything of the chase and capture. No one would even refer to the event. Except that my eldest brother now slept upstairs everything went on as before. But after a time stray facts escaped the censor. There was some talk of a landlady who, peering through a keyhole, had thought it strange to see "silver stags" on the floor of the room; and of one miscreant who had basely left his accomplice in the lurch, with a heavy trunk to transport by night, and vanished. And then the lost property reappeared. It was all over then! Not quite. For a full month later came the startling news that the absconding accomplice had been taken in a city in the Midlands—with a broken pen-knife in his pocket! But we could never make a coherent story of the sequel. We were cruelly starved of information and could only surmise the course of events, picture to ourselves the

great scene at the trial, and guess at the length of the sentence.

After all it was perhaps as well that we should begin to think of something else. It was a glowing, thrilling episode. It made a magnificent story. For some little time it cast a halo of romance about us in our dealings with the children next door. But these great gains were not attained without a price. It was not pleasant to dream of burglars. It became the custom to leave the gas on until one was asleep. For a time one did not go alone into the garden after dark; and if one happened to wake in the night a disturbing vision would immediately present itself—of two masked figures in the shrubbery below.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRIBUTE OF CYPRUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 Dorset Road, Bexhill-on-Sea,
29 August 1912.

SIR,—All friends of Cyprus will rejoice to hear that there is some chance that the tribute of £92,800, supposed to be paid to Turkey every year out of the revenues of the island, may soon cease to be an incubus upon its prosperity. I was told in Cyprus that this sum was fixed at Constantinople as the yearly revenue derived by Turkey from its possession, but that a large portion of it came from the real or supposed profits of the sale of salt. As soon as the island came under our control the Turks forbade the importation of Cyprus salt into Ottoman ports, so that this source of revenue ceased to exist, although it continued to be paid for as if it still existed. Further, the money, instead of going into the pockets of the Turks, is used to pay the English guarantee of the Turkish loan, contracted for the expenses of the Crimean war, so that the resources of Cyprus are drained to provide a sum calculated on a basis which has no validity, and used to pay for a war in which Cyprus had no interest, and which many statesmen of to-day think should never have taken place. Can it be wondered that under the pressure of this injustice the cry of "Henosis" has been rife in the land?

Cyprus is admirably administered by an able and devoted Civil Service. It suffers from the neglect and indifference of the Home Government, which seems to have lost all interest in its affairs. Let us hope that a better time is at hand, and that Cyprus may surrender her foolish dream of union with Greece, which has no historical basis, and be proud of belonging to a country from which it has derived so large a measure of progress and civilisation.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
OSCAR BROWNING.

ITALIAN JUSTICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Levens Hall, Milnthorpe,
3 September 1912.

SIR,—While leaving Mr. William Mercer in complete enjoyment of his grievance of forty years' standing against the Italian authorities, may I remind him that he himself brought my name into his communications to the SATURDAY REVIEW in terms not remarkable either for courtesy or accuracy? His attempt, therefore, to insinuate that I have interfered in his apparently one-sided controversy with those who represent the Italian nation in this country is, as any of your readers who have noticed his attacks on myself and my replies to those attacks must admit, absurd. I must inform Mr. Mercer that until he attacked me in your Review I was entirely unaware of his grievance.

I am, Sir, etc.,
RICHARD BAGOT.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 September 1912.

SIR.—The "vulgarity" which is referred to in your note to Mr. Harlow's letter in your issue of the 31st ult. is the same "vulgarity" as was dealt with by Dr. Johnson—himself a stiff Churchman. Says Boswell: "I talked of preaching and of the great success which those called Methodists have. *Johnson*: Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations: a practice for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and show them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression".

So much for the preaching.

As for the regimental paraphernalia, that is purely a matter of taste. It is, however, quite conceivable that even a reasonable judge of spectacular effect might consider the form of a militant Christian to be as suitably adorned by the red jersey of a Salvationist captain as by the sleeves of a bishop or the vestments of a priest. In so far as the first Apostles do not seem to have required the aid of any of these visual presentations of the faith, these representatives of modern Christianity have at any rate one point in common.

So much for the aesthetic.

As to the emotional—that element has always been considered by the authorities as a legitimate factor in the Christian character, of course within strictly correct limits. Opinions may reasonably vary as to the means of stimulating it, but, astonishing though it may be, it does appear that there are people who prefer to give in the open, with the assistance of a brass band, tumultuous tongue to their own feelings, rather than yield to the warmth and excitement of a Gregorian chant or an elaborate anthem rendered by a chosen choir. The "vulgarity" of the one class compared with the "taste" of the other is no doubt distressing, but perhaps it is excusable.

The fact is that this exaggerated fear of want of taste (which I suppose is what is meant by "vulgarity") may have in these days a malign influence in our composition. It is apt to degenerate into a stilted, commonplace and atrophic condition. It has certainly had a manifest effect in some aspects of party politics, and, judging from appearances, the religious world is not without its taint. Curiously enough, it does not thrive in the larger sphere of human activity—the making of money—possibly because the commercial mind has little room for unrealities.

Yours faithfully,
A CONSTANT READER.

WITCHCRAFT AND THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 August 1912.

SIR.—Even if Mr. Ogle's effort marks the definite breakdown of "Anglican continuity", the fact need cause no dismay to Catholic Anglicans. We cannot regard the Act of Uniformity of 1559 as indefensible. For in 1546 the Tridentine Fathers had declared the inerrancy of Scripture, a doctrine singularly favourable to the growth of that vilest of superstitions the belief in witchcraft, which superstition, after having been fostered by James ("crazed beyond his English subjects with the witch-mania of Scotland and the Continent"), then restrained by Charles and Laud, came to its rankest fruition "during the Civil War under the rule of Presbyterianism". The sceptical Elizabeth, however (so we are told by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan in "England under the Stuarts",

pp. 32-33), "had refused to yield when the pamphlet press called on the Government to enact fiercer laws 'not suffering a witch to live'" (Ex. xxii. 18). If, therefore, the great Queen did right in opposing the fanaticism of the founders of Dissent, was she not also justified in effecting the independence of Canterbury and York?

Your obedient servant,
PAX.

"THE GREEK IN PART."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Little Clarendon, Dinton, Salisbury,
31 August 1912.

SIR.—Others of your more old-fashioned readers must, like myself, have wavered between indignation and amusement at your paradoxical reviewer's dismissal, in three or four smart sentences, of the world's appreciation of Socrates. "That estimable cicada was an electric personality . . . and we are glad he has survived." "Electric" would seem an epithet singularly inappropriate to the soberly insistent influence of the character and conversation of Socrates, but we are grateful for the italicised concession. "His opinions would have left not a print on the sands of time had not the wily Plato, for reasons which are not yet quite clear, adopted him for a mouthpiece." But has not another, a very honest man of letters, who was also a hard-headed military leader and a practical gentleman-farmer, left us, for reasons which are quite clear to his readers, an enduring and obviously truthful portrait of Socrates? If your reviewer knows his Xenophon how came he to perpetrate his next sentence? "In his own day his influence, if he had any" (the italics are again mine), "does not seem to have been good; Alcibiades does not do him credit, nor Critias." Xenophon ("Memorabilia", i. 12) convincingly defends Socrates against this stale accusation, explaining, as though it were a matter of common notoriety, that Alcibiades and Critias sat under Socrates in the hope of picking up not moral but political wisdom to further their ambitions, and that their characters were such that "had some god given them the choice between a life like the life of Socrates and death, they would have preferred death". As to Socrates having had any influence or none, the horrid suspicion recurs to me that your reviewer has never read the "Memorabilia". His charge that Socrates "so far as in him lay retarded knowledge" can be countered only by a discussion on the nature of human knowledge greater in length and breadth than the correspondence pages of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

I am, Sir, etc.,
GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

"THE MANY WINTERED CROW."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hartley, Sidcup, 31 August 1912.

SIR.—"Ultimately", said an old inhabitant to me, as we stood looking at two cottages under one roof, "that were a barn", and "ultimately", I have but little doubt, birds of a similar feather, now known to be of two or more kinds, were sometimes called rooks on account of their hue, and sometimes crows on account of their cry. Apparently we have now advanced to the position that all rooks are crows, but that all crows are not rooks. As considerable interest is shown in the crow family, perhaps you will permit me to introduce two other members of it, viz. the Chough of Newlyn and the Jackdaw of Rheims. I am careful to say the Chough of Newlyn and not the Cornish chough, because I read that the latter is scarce and has red legs, whereas the former is plentiful, at any rate at Newlyn, and is apparently of a rusty black from tip of beak to tip of toe. I have heard the chough called "chuff" for more than fifty years, and I should not like to have to sing now, or to hear sung: "The cho' and crow to roost are gone". Yet it may come to this, for when I asked my quondam landlady at

Newlyn what she called the birds which haunted the grey roof of the Wesleyan chapel situate below her terrace, she replied: "Chaws". I need hardly tell you, Sir, that Cornish "chaw" equals English "cho" and is not therefore to be confounded with a Norman form of "caw" (cf. *capella* and *chapel*). Furthermore, the cry of the Chough of Newlyn is neither "caw" nor "chaw", but "jack", or "chack". This fact combined with the ecclesiastical leanings or perchings of the bird brings me to consider the Jackdaw of Rheims. Surely the cry of a jackdaw is "jack" and not "caw"? If so, what becomes of the truth of the legend wherein we read:

"The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw"?

And again:

"That good Jackdaw Would give a great caw"?

I protest in the name of truth and regardless of the exigencies of rhyme that "jack" should be substituted for "caw" in each of these cases. It is recounted also in the same legend that

"they canonised him by the name of Jimcrow".

This seems to reveal two cardinal errors: in the first place "Jack" should of course make "John", as a saint name, and not be confused with *Jacobus* which, as we all know, is the Latin for James, or Jim; secondly, the termination "—crow" actually begs the whole question and asks us to accept the daw as crow in addition, I suppose, to the rook, raven and chough.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
H. RAYMENT.

A "SCHOOL" OF MAGPIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Glenview", Carrickmacross, Co. Monaghan,
3 September 1912.

SIR,—I have before me a copy of the SATURDAY REVIEW containing a poem "Behind the Closed Eye", with an editorial note thereon. You seem to view with wonder, and something of doubt, the phrase "school" applied to magpies nesting. Magpies cannot be as plentiful in England as in Ireland, or you would not be surprised at the term.

The magpie is a very fruitful bird, and sometimes, at one hatching, brings forth ten or even eleven young, and certainly a more noisy brood than the magpies it is impossible to find.

The expression "school" in the case strikes me as being peculiarly apt, for certainly a magpies' nest with its incessant jabbering and chattering is very suggestive of the healthy clamour of children at school. In saying "bend their young to rules" the author, of course, refers to the parental training imparted by all animals to their young, a peculiar feature of which in the magpies' "school" is the teaching of the young birds to observe the unbroken tradition of their line in never interfering with the property of the house near which they nest, but going further afield for ground for their predatory raids.

On the whole, "Behind the Closed Eye" is, to me, a singularly fine description of Nature at home, and, in my opinion, the author has got a name in the making if he but perseveres.

Faithfully yours,
GEO. J. A. MCKITTERICK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Keswick, Cumb., 3 September 1912.

SIR,—In Mr. Ledwidge's fine poem, "Behind the Closed Eye", he is quite correct in alluding to "schools of magpies". That thievish bird, too rare in England, congregates in "schools"—nay, in "colleges"—in many parts of Ireland, as I have good reason to know.

The poem is quite excellent, and in one reader at least has stirred old and sweet memories.

Yours truly, G. P. McK.

REVIEWS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AGADIR.

"Le Mystère d'Agadir." Par André Tardieu. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1912. 7f. 50c.

THE dispute over Morocco between France and Germany is for the moment at an end, but its consequences remain so far as Germany and ourselves are concerned in an undoubted exacerbation of national jealousy and a rapid growth of armaments. If our Foreign Office were to blame, history will visit it with the gravest censure, but after a careful reading of M. Tardieu's work, supported as it is by the clearest documentary proof, there can be no doubt that the Foreign Office took the right line and deserved the support it received. But this does not necessarily prove that the Germans were the only parties responsible for the muddle which nearly resulted in war. M. Tardieu in his masterly exposition clearly and equitably distributes the blame among French politicians, German officials and interfering busybodies French and British. For the history of this particular episode the starting point is to be found in the Franco-German Agreement of 1909, which so far as the signatories were concerned defined or modified the Act of Algeciras. In this document Germany distinctly repudiated all political designs on Morocco and announced that her objects were purely economic. Both parties entirely and specifically repudiated any design of obtaining for their compatriots any exclusive share in Moorish economic development, but promised to associate them in any enterprise for which one or the other might obtain concessions.

From the first this Agreement was differently interpreted by the parties. French opinion held that Germany had given up worrying about Morocco or endeavouring to stand in the way of France, and hoped to secure some rather indefinite profit for her trade out of her disinterestedness. But meanwhile the French Government thought out no clear policy and did not set about resolutely restoring order or enforcing French predominance in the country. Their policy continued to be that of drift and what M. Tardieu calls "incurable optimism". The German interpretation was entirely different. For the first time since 1870 a Treaty definitely associated French and German enterprise under the aegis of the respective Governments. Morocco had been "written up" by the German Press for five years as a land of unlimited possibilities, and now the longed-for French pecuniary resources were to be at the disposal of German speculation. From the German point of view therefore France could only count upon German support in her political development of Morocco if she did her best to satisfy with the least possible delay German economic exigencies. In this fundamental divergence of view lay the germ of all the future trouble.

Germany unfortunately went a step further and determined to institute a monopoly in Morocco contrary to Article 107 of the Act of Algeciras. In fact she invited M. Pichon, at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, to accept an entirely different interpretation of that article from that which had previously prevailed. This interpretation Germany herself subsequently maintained in the negotiations of September 1911. The German Foreign Office in 1910 tried to reintroduce the system of concessions which had been eliminated by the Algeciras Act in favour of an equitable adjudication of contracts among all nationalities. These concessions were to be reserved for special associations of French and German contractors. The suggestion was that while the French Government might divide the share of their compatriots in any enterprise with the English and the Spaniards the Germans were to keep their own share intact. If this were not an attempt to establish a monopoly in favour of German subjects in return for German support of French policy it is difficult to attach a meaning to the word monopoly. In the face of these facts it is amusing to contemplate

the effrontery of those who have tried to argue that Germany in 1911 was unselfishly fighting the battle of the traders of all countries. The truth is that she only fell back on the open door when she failed to secure a huge slice of the booty earmarked for herself. We do not blame the German Government for trying to acquire all it could for its own subjects, but we protest against the claim that it was throughout an innocent victim in the hands of grasping intriguers.

We have no space to follow the author's masterly analysis of the attempts made to "associate" German enterprise with French in the development of Morocco in a hopeless effort to conciliate German opinion and to give practical effect to the view held in Germany of the Agreement of 1909. They all ended in failure as they were bound to do. The suggested railway agreement was protested against by the British Foreign Office as certain to lead to a Franco-German economic condominium in Morocco. That it would have resulted in this is certain, and when it became known French opinion no less than British diplomacy would have protested. Does anyone really contend that in this the British Foreign Office was wrong? Its opposition must have been anticipated from the first, and the Franco-German arrangement (as Germany conceived it) could only have been carried out if France was practically prepared to throw over England and start out on an economic partition of Morocco with Germany, a very dangerous enterprise. Thus all proposals came to nothing, both with regard to mines, railways and public works in Morocco, and at the same moment a proposed rearrangement of territory in the Congo ended in failure. This happened just when the Fez expedition had to be undertaken by France and she particularly required the goodwill of Germany. But the necessity for the march to Fez was only due to previous neglect and incautiousness on the part of the French Government.

M. Tardieu devotes some particularly illuminating chapters to the Congo and deals at length with the campaign instituted and in the end successfully maintained by Mr. Morel and his friends against the French Colonial administration. Naturally the author is particularly incensed at the anti-colonial group in the French Chamber which actively campaigned against their colonial compatriots and French commercial enterprise in general. We may assume that the English demands had no small measure of right on their side as they received handsome compensation out of the French Congo Treasury. In their gratitude the English firms and their supporters rewarded their champion Mr. Morel with a solemn banquet and a cheque for £4000 which no doubt he well deserved. Mr. John Holt, who had received a good share of the indemnity, contributed a quarter of this "as in private duty bound". The historian will note with approval that on one occasion at least a well-known philanthropist received some material consideration for his disinterested efforts on behalf of humanity. It is not always that results so striking both "moral and practical" flow from these campaigns. It is also easy to understand that this section of opinion became bitterly hostile to French enterprise, though they had never succeeded in drawing Germany into the campaign against French Congo administration.

The remainder of this volume deals with the development of the drama, the despatch of the "Panther" to Agadir, the subsequent crisis, and the negotiation of the final Treaty. They are fresh in the memory of mankind and it is in dealing with the earlier stages of the controversy that M. Tardieu has rendered a genuine service to truth. His judgment on our own share in the matter is worth reading. Our Foreign Office, he says, contributed notably to the cause of peace in extracting from Germany an explicit promise not to pursue territorial designs in Morocco, which also gave France the opportunity of settling at once the new situation in that country. Germany also learned definitely that we had no objections to offer to any concessions France might make in the Congo.

While not void of error our own policy came out of the muddle better than any other. This opinion formed at the time is confirmed by M. Tardieu's treatise, and it has never been really shaken by the interested or prejudiced attacks of partisans in this country.

A VERY PERFECT KNIGHT.

"Lee the American." By Gamaliel Bradford jun. London: Constable. 1912. 10s. 6d.

THE object with which this book is written is to present "a clear, consistent, sympathetic portrait of a great soul" and not to give a biographical narrative. We are also informed in the preface that we shall find in an appendix a full description as to what soul portraiture or psychography, as opposed to biography, really is. The study of this appendix, which should more logically have formed a preface, does not vastly enlighten us, but we note that such a method of studying heroic characters must not degenerate into the trivial, the gossiping, or even the scandalous, and are therefore the more surprised that our author should think it necessary to include in his analysis of his hero stories of his liking young ladies to tickle his hands and feet, and of his having had an eye for a pretty woman. Such gossip is not what the author calls "spiritually significant", and might with advantage have been omitted. But it may be questioned whether the method of presenting Lee's mind to the reader is fundamentally a sound one. We welcome the book because any effort to place before us so fine an example of simple goodness as the life of Lee offers is of benefit. No adequate biography of him has yet appeared, and no biography will fulfil its mission if it does not bring out clearly the moral elevation of Lee. Yet, though we gratefully receive this book for what it is worth, we cannot pretend to approve of the taste displayed as exemplified in the extract referred to above, and we doubt whether it was wise to split up the analysis of his hero in just the way that the author has adopted. We have a chapter on "Lee before the War", on "Lee and Davis", "Lee and Jackson", "Lee in Battle", "Lee after the War", and so on. In all eleven chapters dealing with the subject in various epochs of his life, or in his relations with particular circumstances or men. Then we find an appendix which, as we have already stated, is a sort of essay on the science of psychography in general, and finally twenty-seven pages of "notes" which almost entirely consist of references to the authorities (some of whom are not authorities at all) on which statements in the work are based. That much industry and a most commendable conscientiousness in saying nothing for which documentary evidence is not forthcoming have been displayed is therefore clear, but the question remains is this a better method of showing us a great man than the old-fashioned plan which has given us many valuable and delightful books? Lee before the war was spiritually the same as Lee in his relations to the Government or to his comrades. He was the same, it may be said, after the war, even though inevitably saddened. In fact it is just because he was the same, because he was of the same moral grandeur in all the relations of his life that he became so beloved, so reverenced, and so shining an example for posterity. In the endeavour to exhibit him in a great many aspects in which in truth he did not vary recourse to anecdote and even gossip has been forced on the author, and the book becomes unsatisfactory because in one place there is too much petty detail about Lee, and in another too little about him and too much about other people. In discussing Lee and Jackson we learn as much of Jackson as of his chief, and the same may be said of others with whom he was thrown. Of course it may be argued that to appreciate Lee's skill and tact in managing Jackson we must realise what Jackson was. We should have nothing to say had the object of the book been different, but when we start out with the hope of obtaining the psychography of Lee's soul we

feel put off when we are supplied with that of Jackson's. In the case of Davis the same tendency is to be found, but the examination of the relation between Lee and Davis is on a different footing because it raises very pertinent questions as regards Lee's character as a soldier. Davis was a scholar and a thinker; one with a somewhat academic cast of mind who avoided compromise with men, and who had a very high sense of his own judgment and ability. Further, he was irritable, highly strung, and often ill. To get on amicably with such a superior was extremely difficult, and it demanded all Lee's tact and discretion and patience to do so. These are qualities which are most admirable in a staff officer, or statesman who has to manage co-equals and reconcile conflicting views and ambitions. It may however be questioned whether a man in Lee's position was justified in carrying conciliatoriness so much into practice as he did. The Commander in the field if he is to give full scope to his energies must not only be untrammelled by civilian authority in the execution of his plans, but must be completely supported in them. No one knew this better than did Lee himself, and not the least admirable lesson conveyed by reading the pages before us is that given by the manner in which he gave a free hand to his subordinates. But he was loyal and obedient to a fault when he himself had to deal with his President, because in subordinating his views to those of the man he regarded as his superior he went so far as to prejudice the operations of the army which was his immediate responsibility. The picture before us makes Lee at times almost servile in his attitude to Davis, and in this respect is probably misleading. But it gives colour to the impression that Lee was lacking in initiative, and was not sufficiently strong, which his whole conduct contradicts. Now, if Lee is to be classed with the greatest leaders of the world, to show him lacking in force of character is not the way to make good his claim, and moreover some inconsistency in making explanations for him is shown. We are told that in February 1865 he was "offered practically the military dictatorship by Congress". Yet we are also told that "he absolutely refused to violate his subordination to the President in any way". This is vastly to his credit as a man and a citizen, but if the country's safety demanded it from him surely he should have accepted the offer. Our author asks, would an ambitious unscrupulous man have acted so? What would a patriot, a Cæsar or Napoleon, have done? There can be little doubt, but the question is, would he not have acted more admirably as patriot than did Lee? Maybe, however, it was too late for Lee to do any good as dictator. And our author further spoils the effect of Lee's renunciation when a few pages later on he says that if Lee was modest and shunned responsibilities (we do not admit the charge) it was "because he truly felt himself unable to undertake them". Nor are his motives enhanced by the statement that he complained to General Gordon that the members of Congress would "neither take the responsibility of action nor will they clothe me with authority to act for them". Here indeed was a matter for psychography to deal with, but it is only lightly touched upon. However we welcome the book, and it should be read because it lays bare, at any rate in part, one of the noblest characters in history, and places before us a great general who was guided by a sense of duty alone, and in this respect at any rate may be placed beside our own Wellington.

A WARDEN OF GAME.

"Animal Life in Africa." By Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton. With a Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. London: Heinemann. 1912. 18s. net.

MOST of the books about the African fauna have been written either by museum naturalists and are therefore most convenient as works of reference, or by sportsmen and explorers recounting their adventures and regarding animals simply as quarry.

Major Stevenson-Hamilton is not a museum naturalist, but he has been at successful pains to revise his practical knowledge of animals in museums; and naturalists, and anyone going to Africa and desiring a good general knowledge of the animals he may encounter, will find this account of African animals reasonably comprehensive and very exact, especially with regard to mammals. The author is also an experienced traveller and hunter, and the sections that deal with weapons, camping, equipment, care of the health, and so forth, are clear and extremely practical. Many of the photographs of wild animals in their natural environment are beautiful in themselves and well reproduced, and as the book is written in a bright and interesting fashion, it may also be recommended to those who take a simple pleasure in natural history.

There are the usual number of stories of thrilling adventures, with lions and crocodiles, charging buffaloes and cornered hyenas, but they are told with a decent and convincing reserve. The most terrible beast of the African field appears to be the Mamba (Dendraspis), a huge venomous snake, which, unlike most poisonous reptiles, may attain the huge length of ten feet. It inhabits low-lying bush, and varies in colour above from a dark olive-green to a slatey black, whilst its under parts are white. It lurks in the thick grass, or climbs high trees, and its bite is almost certain and rapid death, while its great size makes it specially dangerous to the white man, as it can strike above the protection of boots and leggings. Its pace is rapid and its movements impossible to predict, so that it is very difficult to get out of its way. Fortunately it is alert and wary, and at the approach of danger its first concern is to retreat to its hole. "Its slender head is held high in the air, and sweeps forwards sideways as the body glides over the ground in a series of graceful, undulating curves, nearly at the pace of a horse's gallop." If, however, man or beast is so unlucky as to come between the snake and its refuge, it will strike desperately in passing. Even more alarming are the Driver Ants (Anomma), ferocious little creatures from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in length, and with large heads and powerful jaws. They are the real lords of the forest, and if they come on a sleeping human being, large animal or snake unawares, they swarm over the body in hundreds and thousands with an apparently concerted stealth, until when the whole surface is covered, as if at a given signal each ant plunges its jaws into the flesh, arches its body and tugs out a little bleeding lump. Unless there is water near into which the maddened creature may plunge, or a friendly hand to scrape and tear off the swarming plagues, a rapid and tormenting death is certain. Major Stevenson-Hamilton describes the marching columns of ants, moving steadily like a thick brown rope, the centre being occupied by rows of soldiers five or six abreast, and flanked by a thick line of stationary guardians, facing outwards, which are supposed to fall in at the rear of the column. Scouting individuals move singly in all directions, and the appearance of one or two of these apparently running about aimlessly in a tent or camp should be taken as a warning to quit, for the scouts will be followed by the whole army, and there may be nothing for it but to spend the night shivering in the nearest pool.

The most attractive feature in "Animal Life in Africa" is the evidence the book affords of the new spirit of responsibility which this generation is taking with regard to the preservation of wild animals. One of the most important beginnings of this new order was made by the late Lord Salisbury when in 1899 he arranged for a Convention of the Great Powers with African possessions to consider this important question. From that time on sportsmen, hunters, settlers, and natives have been controlled with an increasing rigour, and the valuable appendices to this book recite the laws that are in operation at present throughout the continent of Africa with respect to shooting, game licences and so forth, but a still more promising feature is the institution of game sanctuaries and reserves throughout the continent, which are much more numerous and more

efficiently controlled than most persons realise. Major Stevenson-Hamilton is the game-warden of the Transvaal, and a large part of the lore that he has now made public has been gained in the execution of his duties. It is fortunate that in South Africa there is a good and increasingly strong public opinion on the matter, shared in by the Dutch as well as by the English, and the new Government are zealously carrying out the intention and spirit of their predecessors.

Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt has contributed a "Foreword" which has the merit of being brief.

AN AMERICAN IN PERSIA.

"The Strangling of Persia." By W. Morgan Shuster. London: Fisher Unwin. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

THE line taken in this book was indicated in the speech Mr. Shuster made when he was "dined" by the Persia Committee in London last February. He believes that Persia might have been saved by her adoption of the constitutional form of Government; but that Russia, deliberately, and England, from cowardly motives, killed her hopes of self-regeneration. The argument was considered in this Review at the time of the publication of Professor Browne's "The Persian Revolution". More recent events have neither strengthened nor weakened it. We showed then that the Persians only got their Constitution with the aid of Russia and thanks to the Anglo-Russian Agreement. If the fact is not to the credit of the Agreement, neither is it to the credit of the Persian Nationalists. Again, there is no doubt that Great Britain has in latter years, where Persian affairs are concerned, played second fiddle to Russia. It is a matter for anxiety, but beside Mr. Shuster's point. Mr. Shuster and his friends may, if they will, take up a high line and say that the political status of Asiatic peoples must not be sacrificed to European necessities; but surely then it behoves them not to raise the scare about India. "Oh! Freedom is a glorious thing (that is, in Poland, thiggin thu?)." To avoid their criticism, or perhaps out of sheer ignorance, Mr. Shuster, we regret to say, presents the Russian people as barbarians beyond the pale. This is the serious blot on his book. We understand the attack upon European diplomacy; European diplomacy in the East must often seem narrow and cruel. But be it remembered that Mr. Shuster believes in Western progress. And to pretend that Russia could not make more out of Persia than can the Persians themselves is mere childishness; America might make more again—perhaps. Whether we want Russia to have the opportunity; whether she has the right to take the opportunity against the will of the Persians themselves—these are separate questions.

The Persia Committee feted Mr. Shuster in London last February; but how will they like his book? We are not sure. The title, in the first place? Persia then is actually strangled. Mr. Shuster certainly does give the impression that all was over on the day that he left the Atabak's park in the Regent's motor-car, en route for the Caspian. If he be right, why does not the Persia Committee dissolve? Does it want Great Britain to go to war for the sake of Persian integrity and independence, a mere fiction? "I wish you", wrote the British Minister, Sir George Barclay, "a pleasant journey. . . . I hope we may meet again in happier and less constrained circumstances." "I shall always keep", wrote M. Poklewski-Kozieł, "the most pleasant recollections of our personal acquaintance." When Mr. Shuster came to Teheran he omitted to call either at the British or Russian Legations. Why should he have called? All the talk of British and Russian "interests" was Greek to him; and, as he asks pertinently, what are British and Russian "interests" anyhow? He met Sir George Barclay, later on, at a garden-party given by the Sipahdar for the purpose of bringing "the American" into contact with diplomatic society. "And you don't know M. Poklewski?" said Sir George. The Russian Minister was standing a few yards away.

"My dear Mr. Treasurer-General, let me introduce you. M. Poklewski—Mr. Shuster". The balance of the diplomatic world was undisturbed. Mr. Shuster liked Sir George Barclay and M. Poklewski very much, and, to judge from the letters in the Appendix (which relate chiefly to the Stokes and Shua-es-Sulbanah's affairs) they liked him too. Nevertheless he learned that "British and Russian interests", if indefinable, must be taken into account; always refusing, however, to recognise the theory of the thing, and holding out till dismissed by the Persian Cabinet itself, which acted, of course, under British and Russian pressure. We do not wonder that both Ministers hope to meet him again, for Mr. Shuster is, clearly, a most engaging, a most frank young man—the best type of American. But the conversation will not then be of Persia. Mr. Shuster has put all that behind him. He passed through London on his way home, dined with the Persia Committee, saw Sir Edward Grey (at Sir Edward Grey's request), put a few "posers" to him—e.g., what happened at Potsdam?—returned to Washington, and wrote this book. When the little Shah sends him, as he promised, a specially framed photograph of himself in recognition of services done the Empire of Cyrus, he will not suppress a sigh. For the rest, the whole business is closed for him, and he returns to his usual avocations, the nature of which is, curiously enough, not disclosed.

The Persia Committee will have another reason for wishing that Mr. Shuster had not written a book. Nothing has angered it more in the past than when some unfortunate traveller or journalist has described the Persian revolution as *opéra bouffe*. Mr. Shuster makes that "stupid joke" in the very first pages of his book. He does not forget, nor do we, that tragical things have happened and are happening in Persia; nevertheless he sustains too the other impression. We make no reflection upon Mr. Shuster's capacity as a financier; yet surely his own appointment was in the nature of a comedy. When he first heard of it he went out and bought a copy of Professor Browne's "The Persian Revolution". It was apparently the first book on the subject of Persia he ever read. We see him, again, arriving in Teheran and taking up his duties as Treasurer-General, only to find that the Mejliss and Cabinet (who invited him) have before them the project of a law which will make him the subordinate of Monsieur Monard. Promptly Mr. Shuster, who was, as he never tires of telling one, merely a servant of the Persian Government, and who would never have dreamed of interfering with Persian liberty of action, as do the Russian and British Legations—promptly Mr. Shuster drew up a project of a law on his own account, whereby all operations would be placed in his own hands, and submitted it to the Sipahdar, who immediately approved. It is told, too, how this same Sipahdar, when he afterwards fell out with the Treasurer-General and was unable to secure all the cash that he wanted at the "War Office", strode from the Chamber of Deputies, cried proudly to his coachman, "Drive me to Europe", and did actually cross the two hundred and twenty miles which separate Teheran from its Caspian port. "So far as I know", wrote Mr. Shuster, piteously, "there has been no Cabinet and no Premier for the last few days." The Sipahdar returned within the week. Meanwhile the ex-Shah's brother had proclaimed that were he chosen king he would remit all taxes except such as covered the expenses of his court. "The Shah's got no money; his brother, he's got no money too." We used to think this remark of a Cockney in Teheran summed up the whole Persian situation. We were wrong. It is evident that love of intrigue, quite as much as love of money, dominates the mind of the Persian grandee. The Sipahdar, an immensely wealthy man, once a Royalist, intrigues with the Nationalists, captures Teheran in their name, is acclaimed the military genius of Persian Nationalism, and nominated Premier. But he is not content. A few months later, he is found communicating, at the imminent risk of his life, with the exiled Shah at Odessa. It is sufficiently incredible. But there are other stories

in this book seemingly as fanciful; and of the blind, the lame and the halt, Swedes, Belgians and Italians, who are on the pension-list of the Persian Government, and respectively give Sweden, Belgium and Italy an "interest" in Iran, we say nothing.

"MARRIAGE."

"Marriage." By H. G. Wells. London: Macmillan. 1912. 6s.

ONCE upon a time, at a period which now seems absurdly remote, Heine heard the new things coming towards him with a sound like that made by the wings of a dove in flight. Our present dreamers can have few imaginings such as that. Place them in a walled garden or in an open field, and disturbance is still likely to come to them when they start on these musings. Reaches their ears a sound growing ever louder and more insistent, and if they lift their eyes to the hills they will, maybe, see nothing for the moment. Presently the monoplane or biplane with its noisy engine comes into their vision, races above them, and disappears after it has effectually demolished that dream about the dove. We know now that the new things are coming speedily and with great sound, and that their danger holds for us a far grander attraction than we could discover in the prettiness which the German poet had to offer. When Trafford and his aeroplane fell on to the croquet lawn of Mr. Pope's house he destroyed turf which had possibly been growing for centuries, and he gave an entirely new idea to Miss Marjorie Pope. Submission to the world, as represented by a parent who banged his fist on the table at his womenfolk, had previously seemed to her to be the destiny of daughters until a marriage should be arranged for them, but the aviator put an end to that. She began to question, and Trafford began to give her some answers, from which it followed in natural sequence that they loved, that they eloped, and that they married, all in spite of the grand dudgeon of the father who ill-treated dumb furniture and dumb souls. But the pair began their game of questions and answers once again, the latter being this time supplied by Marjorie to whom a child was born. Things, however, could not stop there, and in a little while it all started again, and, as far as Mr. Wells or anybody else can see, they both went on questioning until a day much later than the end of the book, for many things were asked to which there are as yet no replies which can be understood in any but the vaguest way. Of course there were intervals when the two ceased to inquire into their riddles, because other things of greater importance now and then arose, among them being, as the author says, the food hunt and the love hunt, but the original difficulty always waited at the end of the chase. This book despite its challenging title is very much a novel; it is in no sense a tract either for or against the institution with which it deals. Certainly it will be a disappointment to the hunter after banned books with a moral, but its long, discursive chapters of quiet thoughtfulness are things for which others can be thankful. Without raising his voice for a moment Mr. Wells can talk over matters which themselves are making a noise in the world—that, at least, is the opinion to be formed from his writing. The clamour of the aeroplane age does, indeed, rise as it must behind all this, but we have the feeling that there is at least one man who is not startled by it. Also, and this is another reason for wonder, he can discuss the relations between the sexes with scarcely a side reference to what are commonly called sexual matters. In the end he puts forward no definite solution to all the difficulties raised, and it is for this reason that "Marriage" belongs to the class of true novels. Since we have always known Mr. Wells as a scientist this absence of conclusion should give no cause for surprise; he investigates, he makes experiments, and he is happy if he makes some little discovery which, of no use in itself, may revolutionise society in another generation. The speed and noise of the world of to-day

may be largely due to men of this type, but they, in their laboratories, are, perhaps, the only ones who can escape from them, and it is to their credit if they ever come out to regard a meaner earth than that for which they make their plans. This book is one of regrets and hopes; hopes, because the old order has changed, but regrets because the new order has not yet appeared. Only the sound of it is in the air, and men are waiting for it to come from beyond the hills. Many new things are in their range of vision, but no new order.

In Marjorie, Mr. Wells has created the most important woman of his novels, and we are even ready to reckon this part of his work as the most interesting study in the feminine since *Manon Lescaut*, whom we have hitherto regarded as incomparable. The time is not yet ripe for judging whether the two can really be compared. *Manon* could have existed among the cave dwellers, and she exists now as she did in the days of the Abbé *Prévost*, but Marjorie is in many things what the world of to-day has made her. She touched the eternal on the croquet lawn and afterwards in Labrador, but there were points in her character which we do not associate with any age but our own. Her weakness, as well as her strength, belongs to the centuries which have been as much as to the one which is, but its manifestations may be merely ephemeral. It is, however, sufficient that in Mr. Wells' woman we recognise not a single member of the sex, but someone who has in her something of all the women whom we know to-day, and who is yet a creature with an absolutely definite personality. The little sketch of her mother, with all her abject but well-intentioned futilities, is also amazingly clever, and Mr. Pope is a type of the nineteenth-century gentleman without gentleness, about which it may be comforting to read some day, but at present it lingers. Trafford is a far larger proposition than these two, but he matters less than Marjorie, for he was as exceptional as she was universal.

MEDIOCRITY.

"Mrs. Ames." By E. F. Benson. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1912. 6s.

M. BENSON'S newest novel, which seems to have been designed by the author to show not only his large assortment of characters at their worst moments, but also modern life in a small town at its most vulgar, turns round upon him and shows him at a level far below that to which we now expect him to attain. There is always a suspicion, when one reads Mr. Benson, that he has half an eye, or even less if one feels charitable, upon an audience which it is kindest to call suburban; by which epithet we mean to designate a class which is incapable of facing even such problems of casuistry, whether in morals or social ethics, as Mr. Benson imagines with such fertility and handles with so much of the art of the novelist proper. The only comfort—a cold comfort for anyone who believes in the power of good fiction and hates to see capabilities wasted—is that the people who like such problems also like to hear Mr. Benson's solutions. In "Mrs. Ames" the problem—such as it is—is a vital part of the Woman Question, which the author and his characters face with none too liberal an intellect, and solve, or rather dissolve, with a very liberal sentimentality.

Cunning, in all the senses of the word, ancient and modern, Mr. Benson cannot but be. He knows, and he lets you see that he can sympathise with or despise, the conventions, the habits, the amenities, the smallnesses of a number of people of both sexes, husbands and wives, whose emancipation from regular employment is assumed by themselves to signalise their superiority to the vulgar crowd who are doing the work of the world, but which really throws them in upon themselves—that is, upon nothing—for a modus vivendi. Amy, wife of Major Ames, who is also called Colonel Ames with Mr. Benson's usual lordly disregard of detail, is some years older than her husband. That

is the beginning of the trouble. The tertium quid is Mrs. Evans, wife of the doctor. Each couple owns an adult child; but that does not prevent the Major from becoming involved in an affair with the doctor's wife. Mrs. Ames retires to the country to dye her greying hairs and manipulate the increasing wrinkles in her face; but that fails to bring back the prodigal husband, who is ten years her junior. All this sordid story is told with unfailing Bensonian verve, and there is a sarcastically amusing account of a fancy-dress party at which four Cleopatras and three Antonys are present. This entertainment, provided by Mrs. Evans, eclipses the social novelties introduced by Mrs. Ames, previously the acknowledged leader; and Mrs. Ames therefore proceeds to look out for a newer métier.

"She learned by private inquiry what the Suffragette colours were. Naturally the introduction of an abstract idea into her mind was a laborious process; since her life had for years consisted of an endless chain of small concrete events, and had been lived among people who had never seen an abstract idea wild, any more than they had seen an elephant in a real jungle. It was always tamed and eating buns, as in the Zoo, just as other ideas reached them peptonised by the columns of daily papers." But for the first time in her life she is really moved, really serious. Although the sitting member is her cousin and her guest, although she is on the platform at his meeting with him and her husband and the President of the Board of Trade, she has the courage to chain herself absurdly to the leg of a small table, and cry the cry of her party. That it is all a hopeless fiasco does not really dishearten her: that is effected by the attitude of interested admiration subsequently evinced by the whole town. Such a tragic situation Mr. Benson could handle with power and sincerity if he wished to be a good novelist—at least he exhibits here and elsewhere enough literary capacity to carry him safely through. But apparently he can only tackle this crisis with highly popular sentimentality, and cuts the knot decidedly with a couple of pages of sickly commonplaces which can justly be boiled down into the famous manly opinion that "a woman's sphere is her home". Of course the book does not stop at that point; the suburbs must have their suburban happy ending, and they get it. Major Ames is seen teaching Mrs. Ames to ride a bicycle.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Abbot's House at Westminster." By J. Armitage Robinson. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1911. 5s. net.

Dr. Robinson has here attempted, what has not been done before, an exact description of the remains of the monastic buildings at Westminster. Micklethwaite did all he could, however, with limited opportunities. We ought, of course, to speak of the Abbey-church, not of the Abbey, for little remains of the latter except the great church and its cloisters. Yet, as the Dean observes, more of the conventional buildings is left than anywhere else. At the Dissolution, the Refectory, Infirmary Chapel, kitchen and Misericorde were demolished, but the rest was capable of adaptation to practical uses by the State, the Chapter and the School. A modern crust has formed over a great deal of the mediæval work—partly destructive, but partly protective. The edifice which has come off with least harm is the Abbot's House, now the Deanery. The Dean of Durham has just published the story of his own house, and Dr. Robinson here supplies a mass of interesting information about the one which he lately worthily occupied. Atterbury's alterations were chiefly additions, and interesting in themselves. The oldest part of the house has always been called the Abbot's Room—his original "camera". The Abbot's Hall, a large structure, was in a line with the Jerusalem Chamber, which is shown to stand on the site of an earlier building. By the by, the ancient and traditional name for that chamber has always been simply "Jerusalem"—it adjoins "Jericho"—which seems to give more verisimilitude to the story, dramatised by Shakespeare, of Henry IV.'s dying words. Hearing the name uttered, he may have asked, "How call you it?" and then said, "It was prophesied I should not die but in Jerusalem". Had it not been for the return of the monks for a short time in 1556, involving the expropriation of the lay holder, the Abbot's House would probably be still occupied by some wealthy intruder. Dr. Robinson adds a number

of illustrative documents, including the detailed Dissolution Inventories, and a pocket of the book holds a large plan of the Convent buildings, which the Dean modestly offers as a makeshift.

"Tangier, 1661-1684." By E. M. G. Routh. London: Murray. 1912.

Morocco has not lost its attraction for Europe, and is not likely to do so. Of recent years it has almost been the cause of wars, and may even yet be. Tangier, by reason of its situation on the Straits, has a peculiar interest for us, both geographical and political. Mr. Routh's book will remind its readers of a fact now almost forgotten, that Tangier is one of our many lost possessions overseas. In order to write the story of these twenty-three years a large number of records have been searched, and the author has produced a graphic and readable story. He has avoided a fault, very common in this class of work, of filling out his book with a large quantity of contemporary history very easy to put together, but really outside his actual purpose. His investigations must have been laborious, but he has devoted himself throughout to the purpose in hand. It is clear that at first the acquisition of Tangier was popular enough in England and that Charles II. had wide visions of a Mediterranean policy. It was, however, the King's possession, not the nation's, and he had to provide for the upkeep. A great deal of money was spent in constructing fortifications and the famous mole which seems to have cost about £400,000. There was a garrison of three thousand engaged in continual and often sanguinary conflicts with the Moors. The French were at first favourable to our occupation, because it formed an obstacle to Spanish policy, and our presence there was certainly a great check on the Barbary pirates. In the end Charles got tired of paying for the place merely to promote great ulterior ends of policy. An appeal to the House of Commons was unfortunately timed in the year of the Popish Plot, for the methods pursued in Tangier made it an object of suspicion to good Protestants. Papists held high commands, and religion was no bar to promotion in the forces there. The garrison was, in consequence, regarded as possibly a dangerous instrument in the hands of the King and his brother. The House of Commons therefore declined to finance the occupation, wholly or in part, and Charles withdrew his forces after causing the fortifications and the mole to be destroyed. Neither King nor Parliament could look beyond the parochial needs of the moment. Mr. Routh supplies an amusing account of life within the garrison itself and a record of feats of arms now forgotten. There are a large number of good photographs of contemporary prints illustrating the aspect of the fortress and the country round. Mr. Routh has successfully explored an interesting byway of history, and thrown it open to the general reader.

"Henry Demarest Lloyd." By Caro Lloyd. Two vols. London and New York: Putnam. 1912. 21s. net.

The life of Henry Demarest Lloyd was well worth writing, for he had talent, industry and courage, though these are not sufficient grounds for a biography in two volumes. What made him remarkable was that, at least thirty years ago, when very few in the class possessed of ample means saw or tried to forecast in what direction things were tending, he took an active part against the growing tyranny of wealth in the United States. He saw the atrocious humbug that underlay the Declaration of Independence, and that New Zealand, though nominally subject to a monarchy, was much more free and happy than his own country. He also saw that the working class in America could not count on the protection of the law against oppression from the rich, and in the end, though with misgiving, joined the Socialist party as the only chance of resisting successfully Trusts and gold-bugs. In this he may have been wrong, but he knew enough of the condition of things to apply to the United States the Frenchman's famous aphorism about Russia: "The American Republic has already ceased to exist. It is rotten before it is ripe". He gave his life for the cause he espoused, and died worn out at fifty-six. He was, as Heine said of himself, "a brave soldier in the Liberation war of humanity". The author, we presume a son, has done his work well, and without the "flapdoodle" which disfigures too many American works of this kind.

THE SEPTEMBER REVIEWS.

Major Clive Morrison-Bell in the "Nineteenth Century" insists that there shall be redistribution of seats before the final vote is taken on Home Rule. For Major Morrison-Bell, when considering the question of the over-representation of Ireland, the Act of Union has no terrors, and he contends that "carried out after Home Rule became

(Continued on page 308.)

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law (arguing for the moment that it does reach the Statute book) redistribution would be nothing less than a fraud". Before so irrevocable a step as Home Rule is taken he insists that each portion of the United Kingdom should be given its fair representation, and that then the people should be asked to vote with the knowledge that Home Rule is involved. Mr. F. E. Smith's article in the "Oxford and Cambridge Review" this month deals not with a specific political problem, but with Parliamentary oratory: his impressions of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Lord Hugh Cecil, and others as House of Commons speakers are exceedingly interesting, but the article suffers from the fact that one parliamentary orator cannot be discussed owing to its authorship. "Musings without Method" in "Blackwood" opens with some incisive reflections on the versatility of Mr. Churchill. He has for the time being given up attempting to rival Mr. Lloyd George in appeals to class hatred; recently he became "the champion of British supremacy and a strong navy", and now he is the advocate of obedience in Ireland to whatever law Parliament, however composed, may decree. "Blackwood" finds that "the persistent lawlessness of the Government makes Mr. Churchill's rodomontade hypocritical and ridiculous". Mr. Churchill says: "We have no intention of creating evils greater than those we wish to remedy", and the writer wants to know who made Mr. Churchill master of his "intention"? The question turns us to Mr. Archibald Hurd's article in the "Fortnightly" on "the triumph of Germany's policy". The German Government, says Mr. Hurd, by its naval policy has achieved a triumph, but it is not the triumph which was its goal. "In the light of the visit of the Canadian Ministers to this country, of the new Imperial spirit which is finding expression in the distant parts of the Empire, of the Franco-Russian naval Convention, of the newly extended Japanese alliance, of the increasing cordiality of our relations with the United States, who can doubt the reality of the triumph of Germany?" Mr. Hurd's sarcasm seems rather to overreach itself, especially in view of Panama and the latest interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, the nature of which is well summed up by Mr. Percy Martin in the "Financial Review of Reviews".

An article by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby in the "Contemporary" on "Foreign Policy and the Navy" is little more than a reiteration of his plea for a cessation of rivalry in armaments and a protest against the usurpation of the functions of diplomacy by the naval authorities both here and in Germany. On the other side, we have Navalis in the "National Review" with a bitter attack on Mr. Churchill—"A Treacherous Windbag"—who, with his War Staff, is said to be gambling on the chance that Germany will give them ample warning should she decide to strike a blow for mastery at sea. Sir George Toulmin follows Mr. Ponsonby in the "Contemporary" with a more judicial article, refusing either to condemn our "enormous expenditure" as excessive or to accept the plea that we are cutting things too fine. He seems to believe in adequate sea preparation, but to have his doubts as to the legitimacy of military preparation. "It is the military and not the naval forces of Europe which are the chief evidence of the failure of this generation to civilise international intercourse." Great Britain will hardly be held guilty in that respect. Her military forces are not a menace to international peace. In the "Nineteenth Century" Lieut-Colonel Alsager Pollock deals with the recruiting difficulty, and Field-Marshal Lord Methuen with the condition of the Territorial forces. Both articles are an admission of failure. Colonel Pollock would improve the conditions of army service, especially with an eye to the physical and moral quality of the men, so that the supply of desirable recruits might come to exceed the demand. His ideal means, of course, that the taxpayer would have to find more money—still, and even then we might not get the army we need. Lord Methuen has to confess that his inquiry into the health of the four-year-old Territorial force brought forth "discomforting" evidence. He cannot understand why Great Britain cannot learn from Colonies like South Africa and Australia how to create an efficient military force. The explanation is not far to seek, but Lord Methuen hesitates apparently to give it. South Africa and Australia have not left their citizen forces to volunteers: they have introduced compulsion, and the other day, when certain conscientious objectors to militarism in Australia wished their relatives to be excused from service, the Defence Minister promptly told them that there could be no exceptions from the common liability.

There is not much in the Reviews on fiscal problems. Sir Charles Macara in the "English Review" seeks to show why there can be no departure from free trade for the cotton industry. His article is intended, no doubt, as an answer

to Mr. Ellis Barker's in the August "Nineteenth Century", and might have been more useful in dispelling the Tariff Reformer's "ignorance" if he had devoted himself satirically to Mr. Barker's damaging statement. In the "National" the Editor has some strong notes on free traders who believe in protection only for themselves, but no word on the subject of the Brussels Convention, the Ministerial withdrawal from which we should have imagined would have provided the "National" with the chance it loves. The "Fortnightly" alone deals with the question, under the title "The Bitter Sweets of Bounties". The story of the treatment of the West Indian sugar-growers from the time slavery was abolished would be hard to believe were it not all authentic history. "England abandoned protection as she abolished slavery; and just as she did not hesitate to seize cash profits from philanthropy, so she eagerly availed herself of the cheap sugar provided for her by the most pernicious of all forms of protection." If Norfolk establishes a successful beet-sugar industry, then, of course, there must be an excise whilst the sugar duty remains. "There would obviously", says the writer, "be no free trade in sugar if the German or the Russian contributed to the British Exchequer whilst the East Anglian contributed nothing. Such logic is the despair at once of common sense and patriotism."

The death of Andrew Lang is fitly the occasion of an article upon his life and work in "Blackwood's Magazine". Commenting upon the envied facility of Andrew Lang, Blackwood's anonymous author warns the young writer who has an idea that articles may be successfully "dashed off" by expert writers at a moment's notice that, in the case of Lang, "beneath all his brilliance and rapidity and grace was a foundation of sound learning, laid by sheer hard work, as genuine and exacting in its kind as that which is essential to the barrister or the man of business. Since the death of Southey there has been no more conscientious, no better equipped labourer in the vineyard of letters". This article in "Blackwood" is the best we have seen in the Reviews for September. The "literature" this month is neither plentiful nor excellent. Mr. Stephen Phillips contributes an exercise in dramatic form to the "Contemporary", wherein he succeeds in making that awesome legend of the man that pursued his adversary and found himself remarkably unimpressive. Mr. J. M. Robertson, also in the "Contemporary", has a provocative article upon Francis "Bacon as Politician". This article is not, as would be judged from the title, so much an account of Bacon's career as a statesman as a discussion of his place as a political philosopher.

For this Week's Books see pages 310 and 312.

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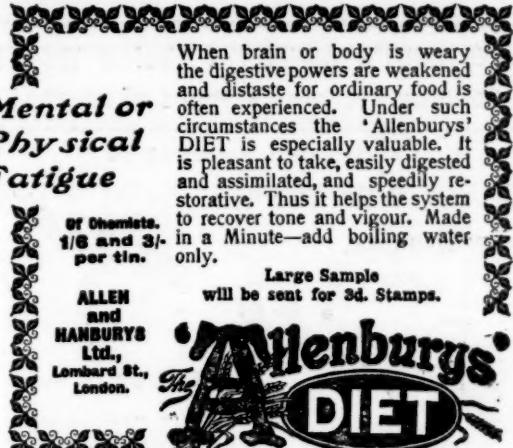
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